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JUN -6 1912
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD

The First Tee

10,000 Cars at \$1,055 To Introduce Reo the Fifth

By R. E. Olds, Designer

To the Thousands Who are Buying

I am not writing this to sell more cars. The present demand taxes our utmost capacity. And the cars in use will sell our future output better than words of mine.

In all my experience of 25 years I have never seen a success like that of Reo the Fifth. I have never seen a car so popular.

What I have to say now is to you who are buying, largely through faith in me.

I want you to know that, despite this rush, there are hundreds of us watching every car. We are giving more than we promised.

And you who took my word—who are buying first—are getting an underprice.

Just the Start

Reo the Fifth is not built for a season. The present demand is just the beginning.

This car, remember, is the final result of 25 years spent in car building. It marks my limit—the very best I can do. And no car of the future can greatly improve on it.

The cars we sell now are sent out to sell others—to create reputation for My Farewell Car. And you may be sure that not a car goes out until we know it is utterly perfect.

Our Costly Care

We analyze the steel that goes into this car. Every part is inspected over and over. Every part with a flaw is rejected.

Every important part is put to radical test before it goes into the car.

The engines are tested for 48 hours. The finished cars are given more severe try-outs than in any other factory I know.

Parts are ground over and over to get utter exactness. Absolute silence in every part is demanded.

Each body is finished in 17 coats. The upholstering is perfect. To every part we give the final touch, regardless of time or cost.

For each of these cars is a salesman. Each will tell to hundreds of people the story of Reo the Fifth. And all our success in the future depends on the tale they tell.

The Underprice

There was never a car so underpriced as Reo the Fifth at \$1,055. Every man knows this who makes any comparison.

This price is ridiculous. It is too low to endure. The coming advance in the cost of materials is bound to send it soaring.

But we are content to sell 10,000 cars without regard to profit. So the present price will doubtless continue during the spring demand.

It goes to original buyers—to the men who first come to this car. And they will create our future

market. Their cars will be our future advertisements.

You early buyers are getting an inside price, and I am glad to know it. But men who expect the present price to continue are bound to be disappointed.

The Center Control This Year's Best Innovation

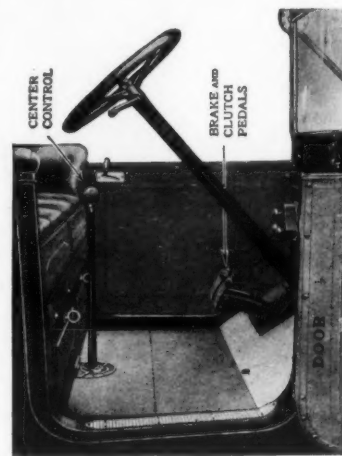
The success of Reo the Fifth is largely due to our new center control. Here, for the first time, we

All the gear shifting is done by moving this center lever less than three inches, in each of four directions. It is done with the right hand.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals, one of which also operates the clutch.

This arrangement permits of the left side drive, heretofore possible in electric cars only. The driver sits, as he should sit, close to the cars he passes and on the up side of the road.

The old side drive will appear very awkward when you once see this.



1,000 Dealers

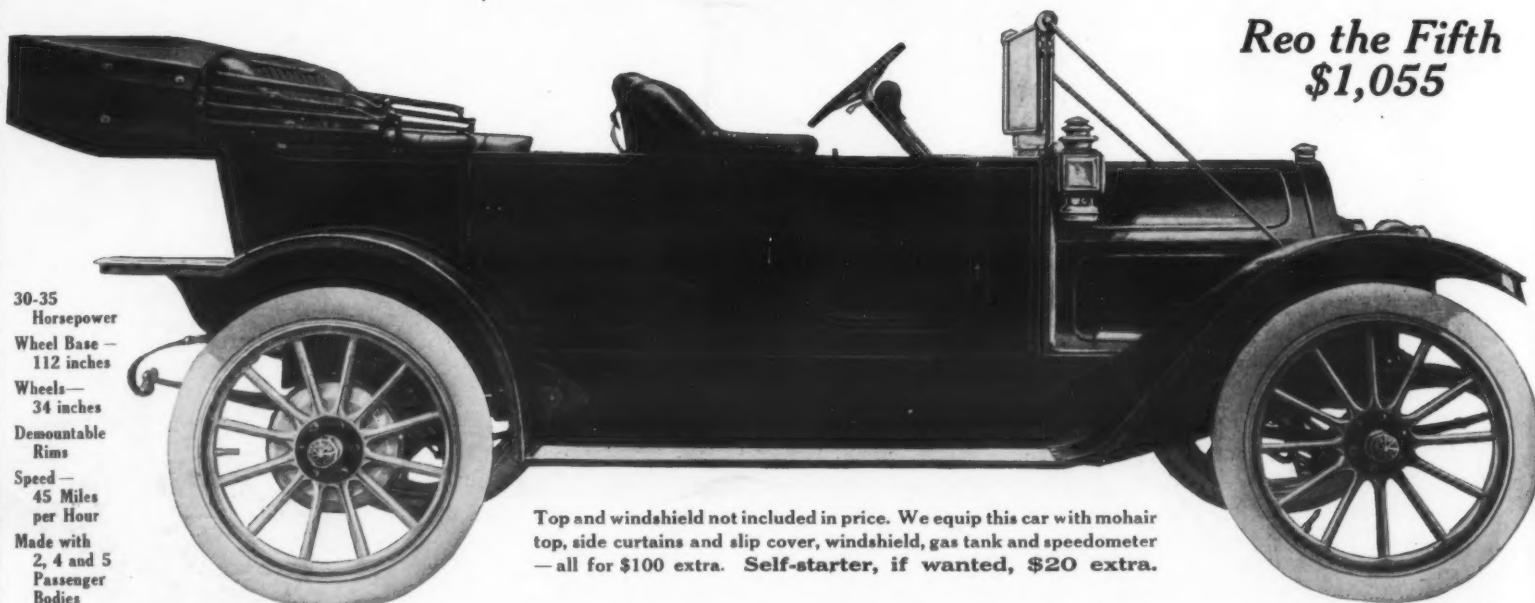
Reo the Fifth is sold by dealers in a thousand towns, so everyone can easily see it.

Our catalog shows the various bodies and gives every detail. Ask us to mail it to you. Address

get rid of all side levers. Both doors in front are clear.

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.



**Reo the Fifth
\$1,055**

30-35
Horsepower
Wheel Base—
112 inches
Wheels—
34 inches
Demountable
Rims
Speed—
45 Miles
per Hour
Made with
2, 4 and 5
Passenger
Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for \$100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, \$20 extra.

What Makes the Commercial Car a Practical Possibility?

Strength and flexibility in the parts that carry the load.

To be commercial a motor-truck must carry its load in a commercial way.

It must give uninterrupted service—good service—over any road—ten hours a day—*every working day* in the year.

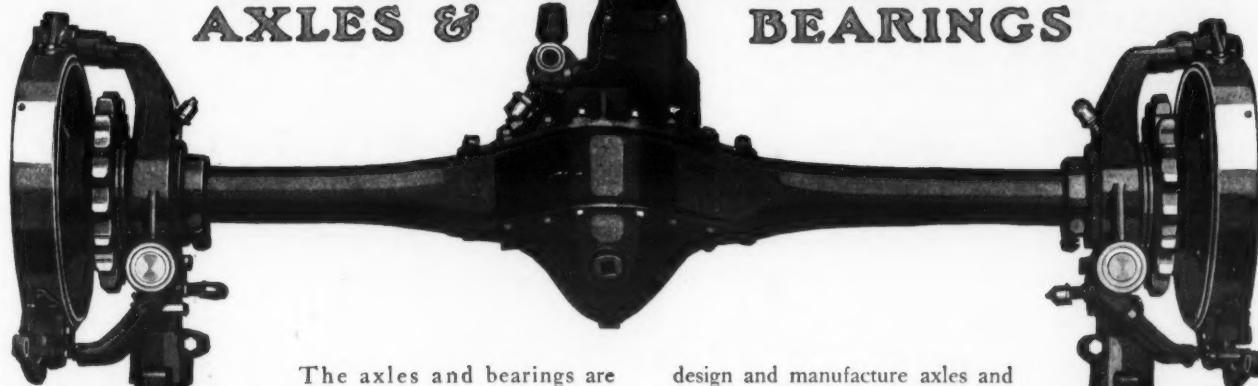
To do this it must have strength and flexibility in the parts that carry the load.

Those parts are the axles and their bearings.



TIMKEN

AXLES & BEARINGS



The axles and bearings are the foundation of motor-truck efficiency.

The engine can give 80% efficiency and still be considered practical.

The axles and bearings must give 100%.

Timken Commercial-Car Axles and Bearings have a record of *uninterrupted satisfactory service* from the day of the first commercial car. Timken experience goes back of that—to the horse trucking day.

Timken equipment is the product of a great organization of men whose sole ambition for years has been to

design and manufacture axles and bearings that make good under the severest tests of every day service.

Timken products are used in an overwhelming majority of commercial trucks today—that means something.

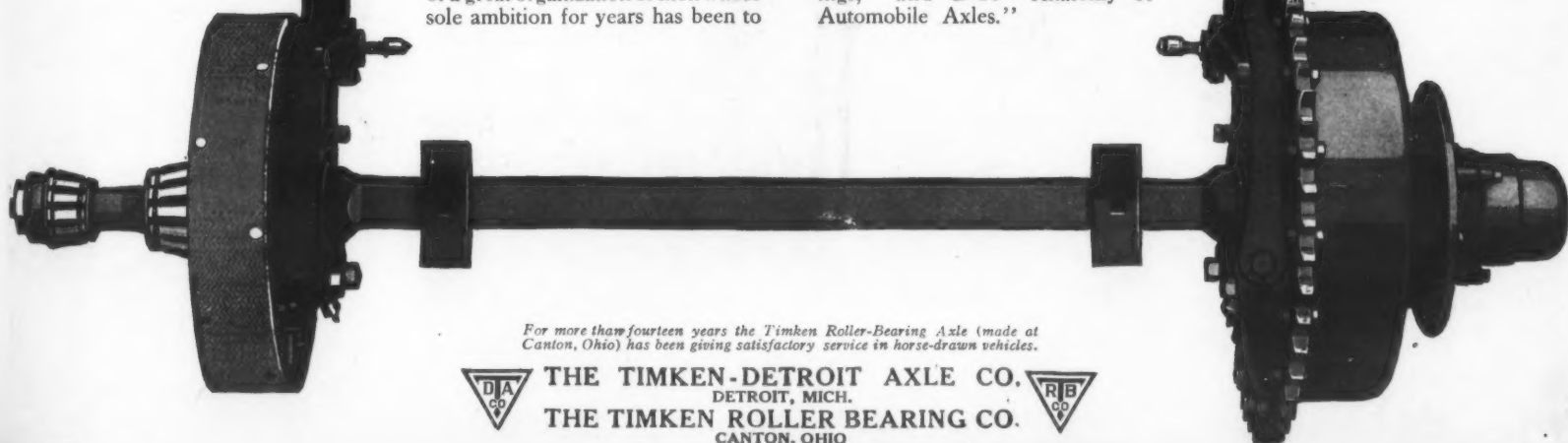
It means that *Timken-Detroit Axles* and *Timken Tapered Roller Bearings* are the best guarantee of commercial service in a commercial car.

Get the whole story of axles and bearings by writing to either address

below for the Timken Primers, B-9 "Care and Character of Bearings," and B-10 "Anatomy of Automobile Axles."



A Timken Tapered Roller Bearing



For more than fourteen years the Timken Roller-Bearing Axle (made at Canton, Ohio) has been giving satisfactory service in horse-drawn vehicles.



THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO.
DETROIT, MICH.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
CANTON, OHIO





YOUR ENTERING WEDGE TO A GOOD POSITION

You must be a little better than the next man, or else make way for him. You cannot get away from that fact. To succeed you *must* have the right kind of knowledge that puts and keeps you in command.

Mark the attached coupon today and learn how you can become most proficient in your *chosen line of work*—how you can win success in the face of competition. It costs nothing to mark the coupon. The information the coupon will bring you may be worth a fortune—it may be the entering wedge to better things for you.

Mark the coupon NOW, and learn of the particular I. C. S. way that meets your case.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS Box 1198 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Automobile Running Mine Superintendent Mine Foreman Plumbing, Steam Fitting Concrete Construction Civil Engineer Textile Manufacturing Stationary Engineer Telephone Expert Mechan. Engineer Mechanical Draftsman Architectural Draftsman Electrical Engineer Elec. Lighting Supt. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Civil Service Architect Chemist Languages Good English Building Contractor Industrial Designing Commercial Illustrating Window Trimming Show Card Writing Advertising Man Stenographer Bookkeeper Salesmanship Poultry Farming
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Name _____
Present Occupation _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____



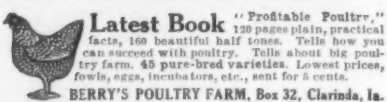
"RANGER" BICYCLES
Have imported roller chains, sprockets and pedals; New Departure Coaster Brakes and Hubs; Pneumatic Proof Tires; highest grade equipment and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. *Guaranteed 2 years.*
FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from \$12 up. A few good second-hand machines \$3 to \$5.
10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL approval, freight prepaid, anywhere in U. S., without a cent in advance. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you get our big new catalog and special prices and a marvelous new offer. A postal brings everything. Write it now.
TIRES Coaster Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, parts, and sundries half usual prices. Rider Agents everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. Write today.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. P-54, CHICAGO



10 CENTS A DAY
buys the Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. Made in our own factory at Kittanning, Pa. \$65 now—later the price will be \$100. The best typewriter in the world, far exceeds any \$100 machine made. Entire line visible. Back spacer, tabulator, two color ribbon, universal keyboard, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Free for a very small service. No selling necessary.

To Get One Free and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter "Mail your Free Offer."

THE PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER CO.
Dept. 52, Union Bank Bldg. PITTSBURGH, PA.



Latest Book "Profitable Poultry," facts, 160 beautiful half tones. Tells how you can succeed with poultry. Tells about big poultry farm. 45 pure-bred varieties. Lowest prices, fowls, eggs, incubators, etc., sent for 5 cents.
BERRY'S POULTRY FARM, Box 32, Clarinda, Ia.

The largest number of successful clients is our proof of
Patents that PROTECT
Send 5c stamps for new 128 p. book of Vital Interest to Inventors.
R. S. & A. R. LACEY, Dept. 51, Washington, D. C. Estab 1869

PATENTS Inventors of wide experience employ my method. So will you eventually. Why wait? Just send for my free book. W. F. Jones, 300 G Street, Washington, D. C.

Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 74

RECENTLY on the way from New York I stopped at a well-known Eastern city. Before going to breakfast I purchased the leading morning newspaper and as I looked it over I was impressed by the amount of advertising it carried.

About 75% of it was advertising of local merchants, department stores, etc., and every line above criticism. The remaining 25% was the advertising of firms out of town, and of this 25% the larger part of it was the worst assortment of the rankest kind of patent-medicine advertising ever printed.

I could not help wondering why the owner or publisher of this paper would allow such advertisements to creep into his columns. To my mind the carrying of this class of advertising must have caused a reflection upon all of the advertisements that they printed, and I cannot figure out why they were allowed to appear.

Newspaper advertising plays a very important part in the advertising world, and for my part I most heartily indorse this class of advertising under certain conditions, the same as honest newspapers would indorse Collier's, but under no circumstances would I pick out for such purposes such a newspaper as I have described above.

The publisher of a newspaper or magazine is unfaithful to his trust when he allows such advertising to appear.

And the day is not far distant when such advertising will be cast out altogether.

To. B. Patterson.
Manager Advertising Department

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS sees in the coming completion of the Panama Canal the triumph of toil, deserving of an epic in its unselfishness, its efficiency and its fighting spirit. **THE DIRT DIGGERS** in his vision are the real soldiers of the day, and in an early number he will share with the readers of Collier's the inspiration which he received as he witnessed this conquering army in action.

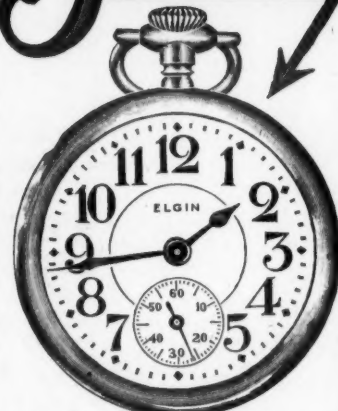
He watched with the eye and the zest of the war correspondent, and he saw not only the big deeds of the moment but the cause of them.

"Never have I known such an army as this one commanded by Colonel Goethals," he gives as his verdict. "Each day, like a giant refreshed, it leaps to the attack, and the earth trembles and crumbles."

Mr. Davis has written the best and most human of all the Panama Canal stories attempted since the steam shovel moved to the firing line.

The article will have unusual illustrations.

\$3 AND YOU KEEP THIS 17 JEWEL ELGIN



GUARANTEED 25 YEARS

We want to send you this magnificent 16 size, Thin Model 17-Jewel Elgin, fully Adjusted to Temperature, Isochronism, and Three Positions, complete with fine double strata gold case, guaranteed twenty-five years on

30 Days' Free Trial!

And if you don't say this is the largest Elgin Watch value you ever saw, send it back at our expense. If you wish to keep it, the way is easy. Pay us only \$3.00 and the rest in similar amounts each month. No interest, no security, just common honesty among men. We want you to see for yourself that this fine Elgin is better than other Watches, costing twice or three times as much. We trust everybody everywhere, so

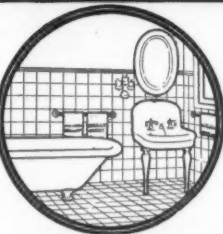
Send for Free Catalog

Write us today for particulars, and we will send you our new Watch and Diamond Book and also our Book entitled "Facts vs. Fancie" or all about the Watch business, both at home and abroad. Write today. Do it now and get posted.

HARRIS-GOAR CO. Dept. 468
Kansas City, Mo.
"Largest Watch House in America"

Not the price on page 35

KEEP BRIGHT



Any bathroom can be kept clean, bright and shiny with little work and no trouble by using **3-in-One** oil. It cleans and polishes nickel, prevents tarnish and rust on brass and metal, removes stains, spots and scars from wood.

3-in-One keeps everything about every home spick and span. Try on piano cases, furniture, brass railings, door plates, cutlery.

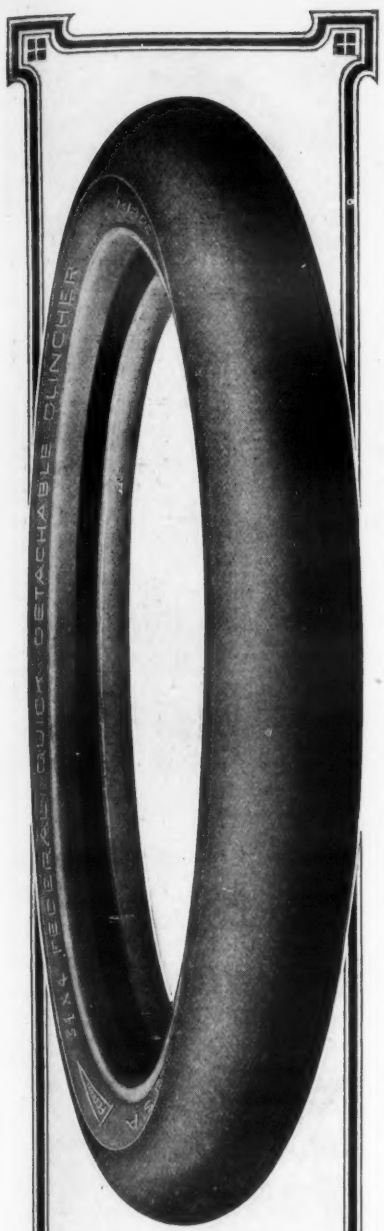
FREE If you will give us name of your dealer we will send sample bottle and valuable booklet—both free.

3 IN ONE OIL CO., 42 ANH B'dway, New York

The University of Chicago

HOME STUDY
Correspondence-Study Dept. offers 360 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects; others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, Etc. Begin any time.
U. of C. (Div. A) Chicago, Ill.

The EUREKA Vacuum Cleaner
does its work so thoroughly, quietly and easily that it sells itself against all competition. Soon every modern house will be cleaned by suction process. We guarantee the Eureka most satisfactory of all cleaners or no pay. Price surprisingly low. Write for the Eureka Book.
EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO.
1260 Majestic Bldg. Detroit, Mich.



FEDERAL TIRES

FEDERAL TIRES are more durable than average tires—because they are built that way. They represent the highest quality standards of automobile tire construction—are of uniform grade—contain no faults—satisfactory in service rendered.

Federal Tires are recognized everywhere as the tires of "Extra Service."

They cost no more than average tires and they give much longer service.

Made in all types, for all standard rims

Write for interesting booklet. Federal Tires are procurable at leading dealers.

Federal Rubber Manufacturing Co. Milwaukee

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES: New York, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Denver, Indianapolis, Columbus, St. Louis, Louisville, Omaha, Houston, San Antonio, Little Rock, Atlanta, Los Angeles, San Diego, Pasadena, New Orleans, Portland.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

JUNE 8, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME XLIX NO 12

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED, PUBLISHERS

ROBERT J. COLLIER, President
FRANKLIN COE, Vice President

416 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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TORONTO, ONTARIO: 6-8 Colborne Street.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

Big Ben

Morning ginger, get it men
Great business stuff—says Big Ben

THERE is only one way to beat the time clock, it's to make it tell of you—instead of letting it tell on you.

A Big Ben in the home beats a time clock in the plant. It tells you how late it's safe for you to sleep—it tells you just when you ought to start down town.

It insures you a perfect punching score—it makes the old man nod when pay-raise-time comes around.

There's something about Big Ben that seems to open everybody's eyes.—If you'd rise early, just say when and leave your call with him—Big Ben.

Big Ben's price is \$2.50 in the United States and \$3.00 in Canada. He is sold by 16,000 watch-makers.—If you can't find him at your jeweler's, a money order sent to W. H. L. La Salle, Illinois, will bring him to you express charges prepaid.

An Electric Horn That Pays For Itself

The Tuto horn costs less than any other electric warning signal. Its value cannot be measured by its cost. When you pay \$25 for a Tuto you get a complete, serviceable electric horn. There are no extras to buy. Everything necessary for complete installation is included at the price making an actual saving of about \$5, exclusive of what you save in mounting the horn yourself. The saving in the cost of operation over the loud one-note electric horn is about \$13.75 a year.

The Tuto pays for itself in two years. One set of five batteries will operate a Tuto an entire season at a cost of about \$1.25. The other type of horn requires sixty dry cells at an annual cost of about \$15.

The Tuto answers the purposes of a bulb horn and the loud one-note because it gives two notes—a low note for service purposes, and a loud note for emergencies. Either note can be produced instantly by pressure on a push button on the steering wheel, without interfering with the operation of the car.

The Tuto is always ready when you need it. See one at your dealer's or write us for descriptive illustrated booklet.

The Dean Electric Co.
243 Taylor Ave., Elyria, Ohio
"Look for Dean where Quality's seen."

The Tuto Coupon

Get TUTO HORN for 18 DAYS FREE TRIAL
No cost to the owner. Send for booklet "Motor Lubrication" and receive TUTO HORN for 18 days free trial. If you like it, pay \$25. If not, return to us.

Name _____ State _____
City _____
Address _____
Dealer's Name _____
City _____
State _____
License No. _____

The Tuto Coupon

Get TUTO HORN for 18 DAYS FREE TRIAL

No cost to the owner. Send for booklet "Motor Lubrication" and receive TUTO HORN for 18 days free trial. If you like it, pay \$25. If not, return to us.

Name _____ State _____

City _____

Address _____

Dealer's Name _____

City _____

State _____

License No. _____

FOR AUTOMOBILES

Good oil gives you your money's worth from your engine; bad oil ruins it. Why take chances?

PANHARD OIL

Is the highest quality that can be produced. Insist on getting it. Look for the checkboard mark both on cans and barrels.

Our Booklet, "Motor Lubrication," contains valuable lubricating information. Sent in return for your dealers name.

George A. Haws, 79 Pine St., N. Y.
Dealers: Ask for our "Help sell" plan.

FOR MOTOR BOATS

Have Your Own Private STEEL GARAGE

Protect Your Car From Fire and Theft

\$9250

Have your own Garage. Make sure no one is using your car without your knowledge. Save \$25 to \$35 monthly garage charge. Save \$50 to \$100 cost of building by ordering

Edwards Fireproof Steel Garage

Shipped complete, f. o. b. Cincinnati, on receipt of \$92.50. Blue prints and simple directions come with shipment. Sizes range 10 feet wide, 14, 16, 18 or 20 feet long, 10 feet high. Ample room for largest car and all equipment. Fireproof, weather-proof, indestructible. Locks most securely. An artistic structure any owner will be proud of. Booklet, with full description and illustration, sent on request.

The Edwards Mfg. Co., 741-781 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio



A \$1000.00 Test You Can Make Yourself

\$1000.00 Forfeit

You can test your varnish *before* you use it. We will show you how. Mail us today the coupon below. We will send you free a two-ounce can of Valspar and a metal testing panel, also full instructions for making a *real* varnish test.

It will prove conclusively that Valspar will not turn white in water—we will forfeit \$1000.00 if it does. This offer goes to 10,000,000 people, so that we lose \$1000.00 if Valspar goes wrong even once in 10,000,000 times.

This test is important to you because it demonstrates that Valspar is *really waterproof*.

A Unique Product

The old theory of varnishes was a different one for every purpose. For instance, no one could make an elastic, durable varnish that would dry quickly. Nor could they make a quick drying varnish that would not crack or chip. And as for making a *waterproof* varnish, that was considered impossible.

Valspar has changed all this. It has revolutionized the varnish industry. It was a painstaking and expensive discovery backed by 80 years of experience and covering five years of careful laboratory work and thousands of experiments.

The result is the most unique product in the varnish world.



For Household Use

If Valspar is used—your floors won't turn white or spot—leaky radiators will not damage them—their beauty will last even when hot water and soap are used—hot liquids will not injure your table—the bright wood on your boat will stay bright—your front door and window sills will keep their lustre under all weather conditions.

This test further proves that Valspar is the *one* best varnish for all purposes, indoors and outdoors. We want you to try it *in comparison* with other varnishes.

We offer to send you this liberal sample free so that you can make this test. Write at once.

About Valentine & Company

The House of Valentine is over 80 years old. We are the largest manufacturers of high-grade varnishes in the world. Eighty per cent of all the automobiles exhibited in the automobile shows held throughout the country have been varnished with Valentine's products. The greatest American and European railroad systems use Valentine's Varnishes.

Prominent office buildings, such as the Hudson Terminal in New York—the largest public service buildings in the world—are varnished throughout with Valspar. Valentine's Varnishes have been used on most of the coaches and automobiles of the Royal Families in Europe. "Valentine," the world over, stands for the *best* in varnish.

OUR BROAD GUARANTEE

We authorize every dealer to guarantee that on inside work Valspar will give at least twice the service and that on outside work it will outlast any other varnish and it won't turn white. If directions are followed and this doesn't prove true we will cheerfully refund your money.

Valentine & Company

454 Fourth Avenue
Chicago
Boston

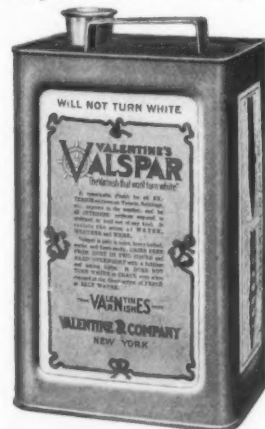
Toronto
London
Established 1832

New York City
Paris
Amsterdam

W. P. Fuller & Co., San Francisco
Sole Agents for Pacific Slope and Hawaiian Islands

Trade **VALENTINE'S** Mark

Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the World



Name _____

City _____

State _____

Dealer's Name _____

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

Tear out and fill in
carefully or send
post card.

C. W. 6

Colliers



THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

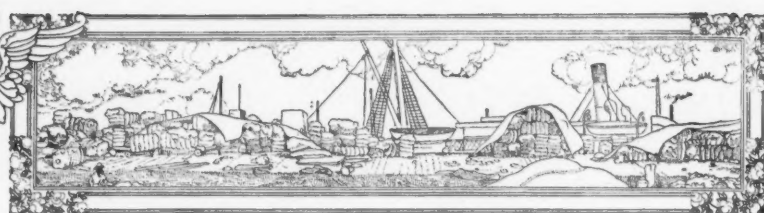
MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

NORMAN HAPGOOD
EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



On to Baltimore!



THE BALTIMORE OUTLOOK

THE PRACTICAL CERTAINTY that Mr. TAFT will not be nominated at Chicago, and the almost equally strong probability that Colonel ROOSEVELT will be the nominee, clarifies the situation for the Democrats. Against the President they might have thought it wise to nominate BRYAN. It is hard to figure out what they could gain by nominating him against Mr. ROOSEVELT, as the Colonel is strong wherever BRYAN is strong, and would beat him on his own ground. It seems to us that there are only three possible proceedings that have a glimmer of tactical intelligence in them:

1. They may nominate some dark horse, some Governor or Senator or Mayor who is thought well of without having made any particular impression, and trust to influences, such as the Democratic tidal wave which rose a year and a half ago, and has been endeavoring to keep from entirely subsiding, and such as the split in the Republican party.

2. A number of conservative newspapers have already announced their intention of bolting Colonel ROOSEVELT if the Democrats give them any chance. The Democrats, therefore, might nominate UNDERWOOD, who would be much stronger than HARMON, and trust to the Taft Republicans either to support him directly or to organize a bolting ticket in his favor. It is probable, however, that the Bryan Democrats would offset this with a bolt on their part.

3. Much the most sensible of the three possibilities would be the nomination of WOODROW WILSON, but the recent history of the Democratic conventions does not lead one to believe that they necessarily do the intelligent thing. WILSON would be preferred to ROOSEVELT by the old-fashioned mugwump press; he would take his share of the independent popular newspapers and magazines; he would bring the tariff issue to the front and debate it with ability; he got into trouble in Princeton for his progressiveness, and has a broad record of progressive recommendations as Governor of New Jersey. He would start without great popularity through the country, but with a solid foundation of respect and confidence, and would gain strength to such an extent that he would undoubtedly be the Democrat who would have the best opportunity of making an even fight against ROOSEVELT. With the Colonel leading the Republicans and Governor WILSON leading the Democrats, the Progressive cause would be in safe hands, and the reactionaries would be in still greater danger of vanishing from the map.

A PRETTY STORY

JAFET LINDBERG is a wealthy mine owner of Alaska. Associated with him in mining enterprises is ED CHILBERG, RICHARD ACHILLES BALLINGER's most intimate friend and client and financial backer. Two years ago LINDBERG was indicted for perjury by a United States Grand Jury in Alaska. CHILBERG immediately went to Washington, D. C., with a lawyer friend. BALLINGER gave a private dinner to President TAFT, at which CHILBERG and his lawyer friend were guests. Charges against the district attorney were trumped up. The term of Judge ALFRED S. MOORE, the judge before whom the indictments against LINDBERG were returned, an honorable man, was about to expire. He was not reappointed. The district attorney was removed. As soon as the new judge and the new district attorney arrived at Nome, LINDBERG's first case was at once set and tried. The new district attorney announced that he didn't know anything about the case, and the deputy under the former district attorney, forced to go to trial immediately, could not find the alleged perjured affidavit on which the case rested. It had mysteriously disappeared. The new judge immediately dismissed the case.

Two other indictments against LINDBERG remained. At this stage, August, 1910, Attorney General GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM arrived at Nome. LINDBERG entertained the Attorney General at his home. The indictments pending at the time against him were under the Attorney General's jurisdiction, as they were United States cases. LINDBERG is now one of the instructed Taft delegates from Alaska to Chicago. The other is L. P. SHACKLEFORD, one of the Guggenheim attorneys. As the return made by the Administration for this support is only a matter of report, and not known to us absolutely, as the above facts are, we leave it out of the story. It is unimportant anyway, as Mr. TAFT is not to succeed himself, and there is small chance that the Guggenheims, through their attorney, will control the appointments in Alaska for the next four years.

A SMALL HOLE

AN UNDERSTATEMENT in a subtitle of the "Kentucky Delegates" article has given a chance for loud indignation to the Old Guard. The subhead spoke of the twenty-three postmasters, who are county chairmen, as *presiding* at their conventions. What they did, as the article

itself distinctly showed in detail, was in several instances to hand over the platform appearance to a brother or other political tool. They then continued to dominate and manipulate their conventions, hoping to evade responsibility by this technicality. They are Federal officials, and at the same time county chairmen. If the Roosevelt leaders had not protested to Mr. TAFT and the Post Office Department, these Federal employees would have continued their public use of pressure by presiding at their conventions. Instead, they held their double office, and secretly and through proxies ran their conventions.

DIGNITY

WORRIES PILE UP upon the heads of the reactionaries. One of the things that oppress them most is the loss of dignity brought about by the contest between Mr. ROOSEVELT and the President. Dignity worries us a good deal less than honesty, justice, and equal opportunity, and we are extraordinarily glad to have this split between the leaders result in a genuine and complete exposure of our system of politics and special privilege. A few extra epithets will not keep us awake nights. Light, as we have observed before, was called by EMERSON the best policeman; and light is being thrown into dark places.

THE TRUST ISSUE

NOW THAT COLONEL ROOSEVELT is almost certain to be nominated, the question of the dominating issues of the campaign comes more to the front. Keen discussion will certainly be aroused on the trust problem. The Democrats have lost an opportunity in failing to pass the Lenroot bill, which is decidedly the best contribution to the trust problem now before the public. When Mr. BRANDEIS was examined by the Committee on Patents of the House of Representatives on May 15, the following conversation took place:

THE CHAIRMAN—To what committee was the Lenroot bill referred?

MR. BRANDEIS—The Judiciary.

THE CHAIRMAN—Why was not that bill referred to the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee?

MR. BRANDEIS—I cannot conceive why. In the Senate it was referred to the Committee on Interstate Commerce.

THE CHAIRMAN—Has the Judiciary Committee reported on the bill?

MR. BRANDEIS—It has not.

THE CHAIRMAN—Is there likelihood of it doing so?

MR. LENROOT—I am afraid not.

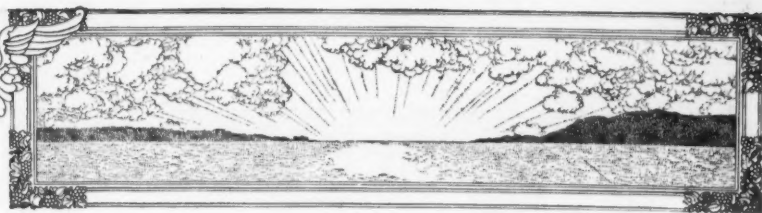
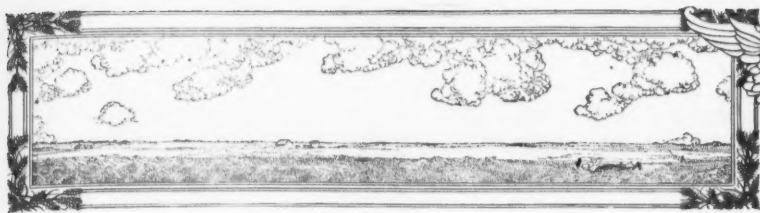
Mr. BRANDEIS believes in competition on grounds of efficiency. Like most efficiency experts, he thinks that size beyond a certain point makes against efficiency, and he believes also that lawyers have a special obligation to bring all their knowledge to a solution of the trust question which will make for national efficiency.

These great organizations are constitutionally unprogressive. They will not take on the big thing. Take the gas companies of this country; they would not touch the electric light. Take the telegraph company, the Western Union Telegraph Company; they would not touch the telephone. Neither the telephone company nor the telegraph company would touch wireless telegraphy. . . . We who are lawyers have a special obligation, and that is to make our law efficient. The disgrace that has come to the law, the discredit, the disrespect which has come to law, is because it is inefficient, and because we make rules and we do not provide any machinery for enforcing them. The great merit of the Lenroot bill is that it takes a rule which the great majority of the American people are satisfied with and want to see made the effective law of the land, and it provides machinery for putting that into operation. That is our business, and if we will make the Sherman law a live and effective law we will see these abuses disappear and the field of invention and commerce will open, and a reduction of the cost of living will come.

The Democrats will be in a much stronger position for the campaign if they have a real record of legislation than if they follow the ordinary political idea of being as motionless as possible in the session preceding an election. If they can go before the people showing that they have passed some serious tariff bills and also a serious improvement to the Sherman Act, they will occupy strong fighting ground, provided they also show judgment in the selection of a candidate. There are other bills, like the amendment to the Pure Food Act, which would help them greatly, but in strategic value the tariff and the trusts undoubtedly come first.

THE CHANGING WORLD

UTAH LOOKS PROGRESSIVE. The Democrats there insurged against their own machine and put in a Wilson delegation, driving the Harmon forces off the map. For the Republicans the Smoot machine held things for TAFT only by jamming through a slate on which every delegate was a straight machine man. The postmaster at Salt Lake managed the platform. The Insurgents went down fighting hard. It will be interesting to see what the State does at the election. The Democrats were out in larger numbers and with more spirit than ever before. The



Socialist vote was more than quadrupled at the last series of municipal elections. There are no primaries in Utah and the people have no direct chance of making their wishes known, but every indication is that that State is to join the others which are making trouble for the Old Guard and the Old System.

INNOCENCE

LARGE EXPENDITURES at and before primary elections are an evil. They are an evil, however, of the whole political system, and not of the direct primary. The way in which money is spent under the old primary system is much more malign than under the new system. Expenses are regulated by law in several Western States, with varying degrees of success. The figures being given, about relative amounts of money expended in the present contest, are frequently too ridiculous even for Indians or marines. The New York papers, for instance, in opposing ROOSEVELT, allege that Mr. TAFT's primary campaign in New York County cost approximately \$5,000. To digest this requires a mind of the highest innocence. If the Taft people have accounted for only \$5,000, it would be interesting to have them explain. For months before the primary election the treasurers of the various Assembly Districts, of which there are thirty-five in New York County, were engaged in raising Taft funds. In addition to this, for weeks before the primary election, a committee of New York County men, representing the Eastern branch of the National Taft Bureau, was engaged in raising funds to defeat ROOSEVELT on the ground that his doctrines would nullify the Constitution and menace the principles of Republican government. Among these men were BENJAMIN F. TRACY, OTTO BANNARD, CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, GEORGE R. SHELDON, and others of similar powerful affiliations. The appeal ended with the words: "Check should be made payable to ROBERT S. HUSE, acting treasurer, care of Redmond & Co., 33 Pine Street." The members of this committee represented the presidencies, vice presidencies, and directorships of more than one hundred and fifty large corporations. How much did they succeed in raising? OGDEN MILLS, the treasurer of the County Committee, also sent out appeals for funds. Are the Taft people trying to tell us that all these agencies together, including insiders in many of the biggest trusts in the country, were unable to get and spend more than \$5,000? There are 912 election districts in New York County. The Taft election district captains received usually from \$20 to \$40. At \$20 that would make \$18,240. Apart from the messengers, there were at least 1,824 Taft watchers, who seldom got less than \$5 apiece, which would amount to \$9,120. It also must have cost at least \$5 to canvass an election district, which would make a total of \$4,560 more, besides incidental expenses for badges, rent, literature, stationery, stamps, and clerical work. What about it? The Roosevelt expenses were naturally heavy, as a brand-new organization had to be built up, and there were no district clubs, clubrooms, workers, stenographers, or clerks. We should be extraordinarily interested to have the Taft forces figure out the best defense they can for their childish statement that they spent only \$5,000.

CHASING THE RAINBOW

FEW REGRET having chased when children across the wet and briary field after the end of the rainbow. Even after we learned the pot of gold was a myth, the inspiration of the chase far outweighed the disillusionment. Even the darker fictions but add color to our memory. Few of us would take out of our memories the thrill and awe of the night we thought the world was coming to an end; the day we saw the first circus parade and thought the cages gold; the mysterious white form which hovered over the graveyard that dark night. If the color of these fancies and folk stories still linger after wisdom has come, we are the richer for it, provided that knowledge has brought the power to know the real from the imaginary. The use of grown-up wisdom is to teach which is fancy and which is substance. It is not meant to take away the color of the mind or grind life down to material facts. Rather is it to carry over the wonder of fancy and more firmly attach it to the substances that endure.

IMPROVING THE LAW

GOOD FOR GEORGIA! Committees representing the bench, the bar, and the Legislature are working with enthusiasm and sincerity in that State to bring the law nearer to a civilized standard. They are all endeavoring to get legislation which will help along the progress that the Supreme Court has already been showing. In the term of that court which began March, 1911, twenty-four murder cases were affirmed and only two were reversed. In the following term twenty-nine were affirmed and only one reversed. The Supreme Court declined to reverse murder convictions on quibbles and absurd technicalities. The Governor has done his part and some of the newspapers have given effectual support. Other States might well follow the example of Georgia.

PATENT-MEDICINE COURAGE

AFTER THE PROLONGED and active fight on patent medicines, a few years ago, they became a little more cautious in various ways, especially regarding their attempted suppression of legislation. They are more confident now than they were just after that crusade. There lies before us a letter from the advertising counsel of the Chattanooga Medicine Company, addressed to the publisher of a newspaper in New Mexico. It calls attention to a bill introduced in the State Legislature. It gives the name of the man who introduced it and the name of the committee who were to pass upon it. It then puts the following words in red letters: "This will, of course, stop all advertising of proprietary medicines in New Mexico." The terrible threat was brought out by the fact that the bill aims to supplement the National Pure Food and Drugs Act by preventing curative claims. The advertising counsel goes on: "Won't you please take this important matter up at once with your Representative?" That sounds like old times—the combinations between the patent medicine company, with its millions to spend on advertising; the newspaper, which wants the advertising, and the legislator, who wants the support of the newspaper. It is no wonder, of course, that the courage of the patent-medicine people should increase with Dr. WILEY's departure, and with the administration of the Pure Food and Drugs Act entirely in the hands of Messrs. WILSON and McCABE.

IGNORANCE VERSUS KNOWLEDGE

THE PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH of the National League for Medical Freedom is sending out circulars attacking the medical inspection of school children, following the custom of the League wherever the question comes to a head. Meantime the fate of the Owen Bill is undetermined. The controversy between science on the one hand and ignorance and prejudice on the other is eternal. The *Titanic* has made a great impression, but more than 1,700 people are needlessly sacrificed every day in the year. It is estimated by experts that forty-two per cent of the 1,500,000 annual deaths are preventable.

PROGRESS IN CLEVELAND

SUCKERS may not deserve much sympathy, or they may, according to how charitable a view one takes of human folly. The Cleveland Chamber of Commerce is now attempting to drive out swindlers who make \$250,000 a year from their sucker list. It is applying in Ohio the lessons taught recently in Kansas. A card index, called the "sucker list," gives the names of the local easy marks and is in the possession of every stock swindle headquarters. There are said to be 30,000 names from Cleveland on this list. What the Chamber of Commerce is doing is to invite everybody who is approached by a salesman with any stock scheme to write to the secretary and the attorney of the Chamber for information. They are doing this work now, but they hope the State will do it later. Here are some of the entries on the cards in the possession of the promoting experts:

J. JONES, 1127 Blank st., grocer—easy mark.

J. SMITH, 27 Dash st., doctor—talk to him about his son—easy.

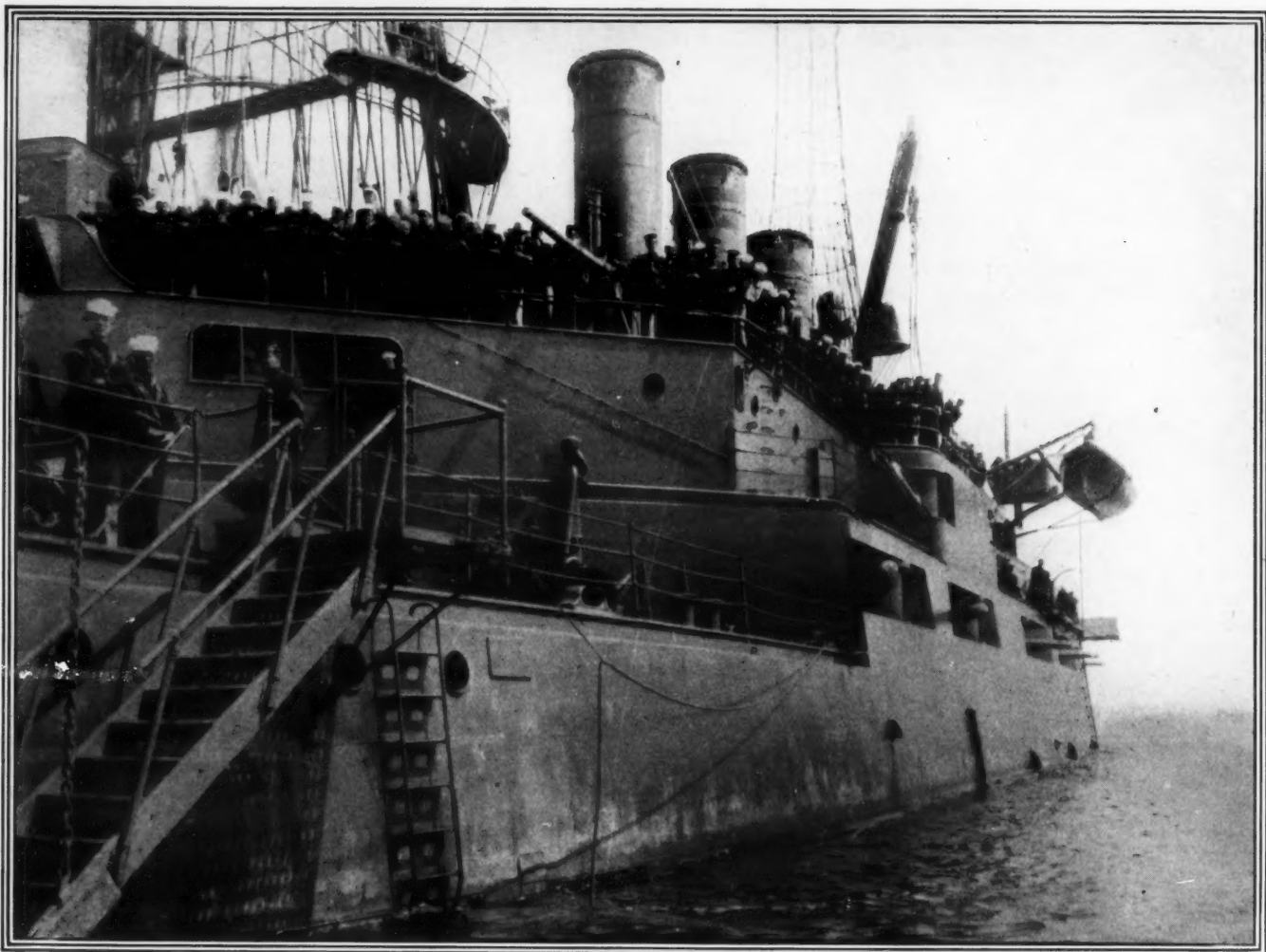
Other communities are likely to follow the example of Kansas and Cleveland.

A SAYING OF MARK TWAIN

THE EARLY HOME of SAMUEL L. CLEMENS in Hannibal, Missouri, has been presented to that town, to be kept as a well-deserved memorial to the most important American author since WALT WHITMAN. The incident recalls a remark made by Mr. CLEMENS in private shortly before his death. A friend had commented upon the large place occupied in New York conversation by money. "In Hannibal, Missouri," said Mr. CLEMENS, with his usual drawl, "where I was brought up, we seldom mentioned money. In fact, there wasn't money enough in the town to form a topic of conversation."

BEING ORIGINAL

ORIGINALITY is handmade thought. It is something definitely worked out in the individual experience. It is putting new meaning in old forms. An original person may do or say things in a way that has been done or said a million times before, and yet they will be different (GOETHE beat us to this statement); for behind the thought or act is the concrete substance of individual experience. On the other hand, one who is not original may concoct an undreamed-of combination of words, and still it will be commonplace. Not all originality is either startling or profitable. The old codger in the courthouse shade who has thought things out for himself has never "set the world afire," and yet he is interesting, for he has seen life from his own angle. The man in the factory may have worked out a dozen inventions that are all impracticable, and yet he is interesting. Originality is not the cunning arrangement of words. It is putting new substance behind old symbols.



The U. S. S. Ohio Ready to Start for Cuba

United States warships carrying an extra complement of marines were started toward Cuba the moment the negro outbreak assumed threatening proportions. In New York Harbor on Sunday, May 26, the cruiser Washington and the battleships Ohio, Mississippi, Minnesota, and Missouri took aboard the marines and sailed southward under command of Rear Admiral Hugo Osterhaus



The U. S. S. Nebraska Aground in the Mississippi

The unusual sight of a battleship in the Mississippi river was brought about by the flood relief work. More than that, the river treated the big warship—the U. S. S. Nebraska—just as it has treated many common boats, sending her aground on a mud bank where she rested ingloriously until the tugs pulled her off. The Nebraska was on her way from New Orleans to Key West



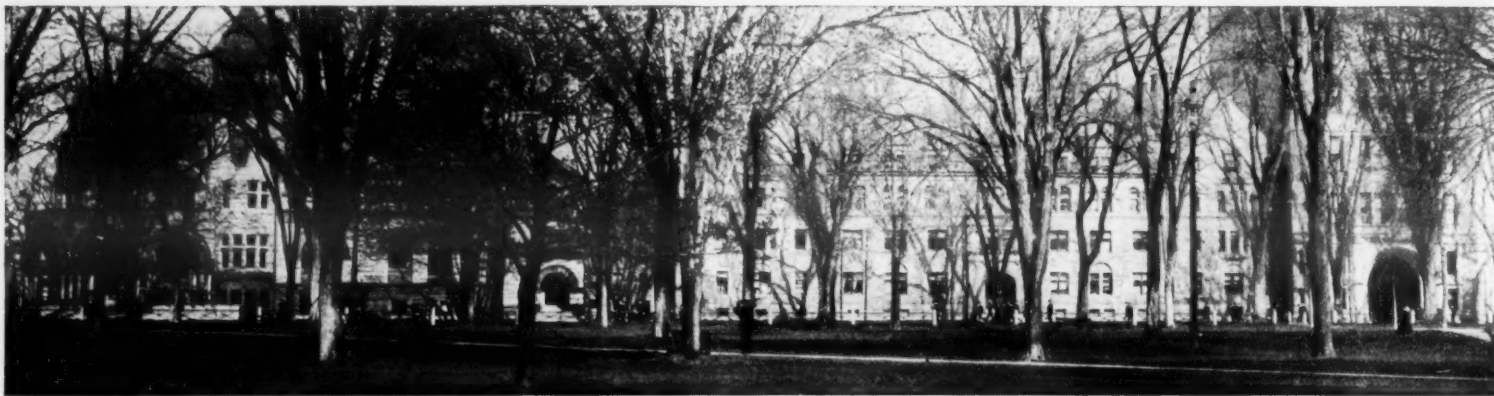
Carrying the Body of the King of Denmark Out of the Hotel at Hamburg

Frederick VIII, King of Denmark, probably the most democratic king in modern Europe, died suddenly in the streets of Hamburg on May 14. His body lay unclaimed for five hours in the morgue, where it had been taken by a policeman who did not recognize the King. The picture shows the King's body being removed from a hotel, at the start of the return journey to Copenhagen.



The King of Denmark's Funeral Progress Through the Streets of Hamburg

Great crowds witnessed the funeral procession through the streets of Hamburg. The Queen made a short and very touching speech, in which she thanked the people for their kindness to the royal family in its bereavement and for the enjoyment which the King had always received on his visits to that city. The funeral of the King was held at Roskilde Cathedral in Copenhagen on May 24.



The Yale campus—Osborn Hall, Welch Hall, and Phelps Memorial Gateway

The Social Usurpation of Our Colleges

III.—Yale

By OWEN JOHNSON

IF THE peculiar field of Harvard to-day is the responsibility of educating for public service the plutocracy of this country, the distinctive note of Yale is the man of business. Not that families of great wealth and social position are not sending their sons to Yale, but they enter on the standard of the average, accepting it and conforming to it. The great disadvantage which the developed social system has brought to Yale is not primarily snobbishness and luxury, but the tyranny of the average, the democracy of a bourgeois commonplaceness that neither comprehends nor tolerates the men of bold and original individuality. As President Hadley himself has said, though not with such an application: "Yale tends to make a man strong at the risk of making him narrow."

THREE YEARS OF SOCIAL BONDAGE

THE average Yale man who has legitimate social ambitions completely surrenders his individuality of initiative within the first three months of his arriving at college, with the schoolboy's dream of a Nirvana of blessed languor and mannish freedom. In place of the glorious lack of control which he has imagined as the reward of the long purgatorial years of prep. school and family policing, he finds himself all at once subject to a standard of criticism which is more merciless and searching than anything he has known. Within a month he feels the inevitable force of conscription and is drafted into some activity, falling into the ranks of those who keep turning the wheels of some tireless college machine, and this period of bondage endures for three years before the fateful Tap Day arrives to inform him if he has offended or pleased the masters of his fate in the class above who have kept him all this while under thorough espionage.

Yale Academic and the Sheffield Scientific School are as incongruously matched as a dachshund leashed to a wolfhound would appear. For all vital purposes they are as different in their internal social organization as though they were at opposite ends of the continent. So

clearly is this recognized at New Haven that it has passed into the historic query: "Where would you go if you couldn't go to Yale?—To Sheff." This startling divergence is partly due to the natural causes which have so often given rise to the complicated social systems. In Yale Academic the basis of undergraduate life has always been the dormitory, with the societies affecting but little the ordinary daily intercourse of the students. At Sheffield, on the contrary, due to the same economic lack of dormitories which has allowed the obnoxious private dormitory system at Harvard to solidify itself, the fraternity system began as a need of the students to find a congenial and attractive substitute.

The Yale Academic course is one of four years, with final social honors conferred at the end of junior year after an examination which, despite its obvious evils, is exceedingly searching and painstaking. In Sheffield the course is three years and membership into the fraternities is decided after the first four months of freshman year—manifestly an inadequate period of judgment for so complete a social division. By the middle of freshman year, then, in Sheff, the elect are freed of any further necessity of social effort, whereas in Academic the students continue for their first three years, as it were, under a suspended judgment.

Ten years ago Sheffield Scientific School was barely a third as large as Academic. To-day the entering class at Sheffield almost equals in numbers the corresponding division in Academic, while the department as a whole is fully equal in authority and prestige. That two such opposed systems should exist in one university is a source of much concern. Nor is it possible to say whether the future will bring a tendency to amalgamation or a more pronounced cleavage.

Each division of the college is loyal to its own system and extremely critical of the other. Academic men will admit to you quite frankly that the Sheff fraternity system, with its members rooming apart in the club dormitory, is undemocratic, contrary to the Yale idea of close association, and that the early selection of membership tends to remove any responsible brakes on the impulses of individuals to regard their college career as a social relaxation with a growing tendency to luxury.

SENIOR SOCIETY SYSTEM THE VITAL FORCE

SHEFF men with an equally engaging confidence, after a disquisition on the merits of their system, will admit to you that evils exist in the society system in Academic, where they will tell you a man is afraid to call his soul his own, is ruled by fear of the critical attitude of upper classmen and enslaved, contrary to his natural desires, to one of twenty grinding machines in an effort to reach the social goal of the senior societies. As Sheff's social system is really a phase of the general fraternity system that is prevalent in most of the universities and small colleges of the country, I shall reserve it for discussion under the head of this fourth manifestation of the social organization.

At Harvard we have seen the development of the undergraduates' social life into shut clubs, without, it is true, the outward hobgoblin manifestations of secrecy, but possessing, as far as the university is concerned, the character of secret exclusiveness.

At Princeton we shall see that the clubs have become thoroughly open, having likewise outgrown the traditions of secrecy. In both universities the note is similar. The clubs serve as eating joints into which the members retire three times a day, with the intimate intercourse around the club table.

In Yale Academic the senior society system is the one vital force. Its tendency is to reward the successful candidates of the three years' struggle for undergraduate distinction with always a discriminating proviso based on personal companionship.

The junior fraternities, with somewhat more vigor and vitality than they possessed ten years ago, before the fall of the sophomore society system, are really simply feeders, like intermediary clubs at Harvard, and membership is principally valuable as the first step in the eliminating process.

LUGUBRIOUS AND MYSTIC TAP DAY

THE three senior societies take in fifteen men each out of a class membership of about three hundred and twenty-five. The Elihu Club, a nonsecret organization, which has deservedly risen in strength and usefulness, confers about the same membership. The elections are announced the end of May of the junior year, in a peculiarly lugubrious and mystic manner, on the college campus, which, from the manner in which the election is served, has come to be known as Tap Day.

This senior society system is the most powerful and complete of any college organization and the competition for election is of a fierceness that would not be credited by anyone who has not passed through it. A recent graduate, a successful man himself, said to me in discussing the problems of the university:

"The first great reform we need in New Haven is to lighten the pressure on the weary, overworked undergraduate by abolishing the curriculum—at least until senior year."

This facetious remark has a certain basis for serious consideration, when one is familiar with the stress and



Old South Middle, now Connecticut Hall



Tapped for Bones—A Tap Day scene

fury with which positions are sought at Yale. This frenzy of competition has made Yale College perhaps the most perfectly organized trust in operation, with every by-product, so to speak, refined down to the last possibility. No sooner has the freshman arrived than he is marshaled into Dwight Hall (the head of the local Y. M. C. A.) and gravely addressed by superhumanly serious seniors, sometimes reenforced by perennially young and enthusiastic members of the faculty. He is advised, exhorted, implored "to go out and work for Yale," which, translated, means nothing more than to make himself socially valuable for a senior society. A sort of frenzy immediately possesses the freshman already impressed, if not awed, by the gloomy spectacle of the secret mystery which the senior societies are preserving from the sight of an unworthy world.

There are five general divisions of college activities which are open to him. First, all the different branches of athletics, major and minor sports, which, however, count very much less in the social baggage of a man than the outer world would believe; second, literary activities, of which membership on the "Yale Literary Magazine," and particularly the chairmanship of the "Yale News," are of first importance; third, distinction in the religious life of the university, of which a class deaconship and presidency of Dwight Hall are of the highest value; fourth, membership in the musical and dramatic clubs, with particular emphasis on the latter, leadership in which organizations is considered a first lien on success; fifth, distinction in the intellectual life, debating, oratorical prizes, and achievement of the rank of Phi Beta Kappa, the presidency of which last society is another position of the utmost advantage.

IN TRAINING FOR INSPIRATION

THESE five divisions of undergraduate activity are organized to the last degree, and as soon as the freshman class has been fed into the different machines the wheel of the great trust society begins to whirl merrily.

For the competition to the five editorships of the "Yale Literary Magazine," with the chairmanship especially in view, perhaps as many as twenty men in each class start out to regularly produce each month anywhere from one to four stories; several profound essays and occasional immortal verse with an odd assortment of portfolios.

As the competition begins to narrow in the last months of the junior year, the leading candidates for chairmanship will even surrender their Christmas vacations, remaining, as it were, in strict training in their effort to produce inspired literature.

The custom is for the Lit Board, as soon as the current number is made up, which may happen between two and four o'clock at night, to paste the list of the fortunate on the window that gives out to the campus. Immediately a small crowd of Lit heeler, who have been hovering in delirious patience, crowd to the window to learn their fate.

FUSS AND FEATHERS

THE first "Yale News" competition begins (owing to certain reforms) in November of the freshman year and lasts until the first of February. From thirty to fifty men start on this, the number gradually lessening until a dozen remain. The college is scoured every day, no matter what the weather, while often in the writing of special features an ambitious "News" heeler will rush off to New York and interview prominent alumni. One "News" heeler this year had specially printed 1,100 postal cards, which he personally addressed to the whole membership of the Sheffield Scientific School in order to catalogue their opinions on the advisability of extending the course to four years. So nerve-racking and unrestrained has been this competition in the past that it was discovered in the last weeks of the 1911 competition that several of the candidates were keeping themselves awake by artificial means. At present candidates are put on their honor to do no work between midnight and seven o'clock of the following morning!

This same terrific expenditure of energy is shown in every department, in the competition for the dramatic and musical clubs as well as the athletic teams. It is all the most bewildering system of the overorganization of inconsequential activities that can be imagined to divert the individual from the development of his own individuality and its sacrifice to the exigencies and tyrannies of the average, for merely material success.

The Society of Skull and Bones is, in fact, Yale Academic. Its tone is the tone of the college, to which it transfers its excellent democracy and its clean, ambitious standards. It is respected and deservedly popular. Directly and indirectly it is responsible for the deification of success, the overemphasis of unimportant details, the stultifying and indefensibly childish fetish of se-

crecy, and the reduction to a pattern of the undergraduate who arrives with forceful and original point of view. Its aims have invariably been high and it has persistently fought the modern tendency toward social separation. It is to-day the most worthy, vigorous, and democratic society in existence. It has transformed Yale from a university into a school for character.

WORTHY RECORD OF SKULL AND BONES

IF YOU accept the necessity of any arbitrary organization, which I do not at all, nothing could be more worthy than the record of this society. It has made but few mistakes and has promptly recovered from them. Its tests are democracy, accomplishment, and character. Where it differs completely from the Harvard and Princeton ideals is in the fact that it does not seek social compatibility as a basis of selection. It selects the present leaders of undergraduate activities with a view to future possible achievement, and brings an extraordinary diverse number of elements under its authority to form a representative strain of what is most vital in Yale life. Its members once elected are never allowed

many of those whose only claim could be money and social position, that for a long while it underwent a season of unpopularity in the college that has almost invariably expressed its approval of Bones. Curiously enough, Keys' absorption of the social set at times has reacted on Bones, demonstrating what I said in my preface of the danger of an organization aiming at democracy, leading to an opposition organization inclined to snobbery, with occasional reactions on the parent organization. Lately, however, the Keys' standard has strengthened along the lines of its best traditions until its membership, while never making the same recognition of scholarship, compares favorably with the representative quality of Bones.

Wolf's Head, founded in 1883, has had a hard row to hoe. Originally modeling itself along the lines of Bones, it has now a natural defensive tendency, in order to build itself up a strong alumni, to cast a favoring eye on the representatives of dominant social sets. This change has been rather forced upon it by the growing democracy of Keys.

The Elihu Club, a recent organization, with the exception of secrecy is the fourth senior society conferring its membership after Tap Day. Its growth in popular estimation has been rapid, and in recent years it has compared successfully with the two younger seniors.

Up to 1902 the junior societies were in a feeble and humiliating position, due to the overshadowing importance of the sophomore society organizations. The three small sophomore societies, originally intended for social grouping, had become strong political organizations, with a determined aim to push their membership into senior societies. They entered the large junior societies by right—with a few rare exceptions—but never really became a part of them. They took in seventeen members, selected by the end of freshman year, based on insufficient knowledge and entirely too much influenced by school cliques and social pulls. Their influence abruptly divided the class in the middle of freshman year and the consequent animosity engendered rarely subsided before senior year.

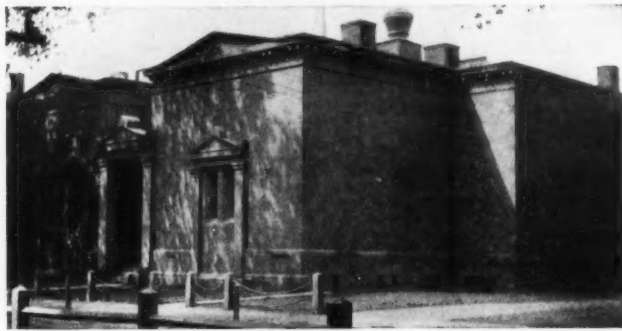
JUNIOR SOCIETY PHENOMENA

AT THIS time the junior societies were, in the matter of importance, limited to three—Alpha Delta Phi, D. K. E., and Psi U. They were then, and always have remained, local organizations rather than a part of the broad general fraternity system. At this time they were noncompetitive. The three dominant societies had a general campaign committee, which apportioned the new members in as equitable a manner as possible. This was a distinctive feature of the Yale system, and much cherished, from the obvious advantages resulting to the general welfare of the college in avoiding any opportunity for fraternity politics that have so injuriously affected the character of many institutions.

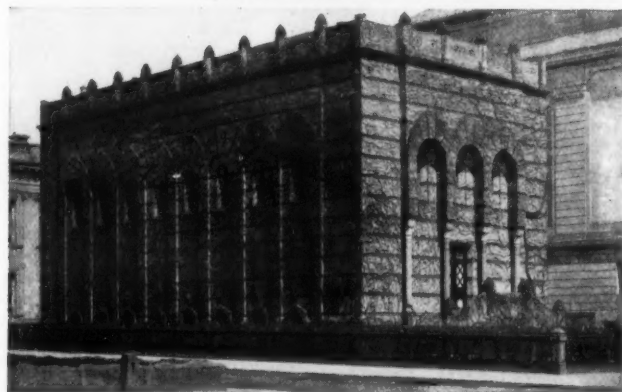
With the abolishment of the sophomore societies, the junior societies have admitted into their agreement Zeta Psi and Beta Theta Pi. They now each take in forty men from the class, twenty of which are conferred in the first election in the fall of sophomore year and ten in the following spring. Unfortunately the noncompetitive idea has been abandoned, and there is a growing tendency toward fraternity jealousy and contention which presents a very serious danger for the future. Fortunately there is a very active sentiment among the graduates toward throwing open the societies and making them open clubs for entertainment without distinction. There is also a danger that the selection of the first twenty shall become a matter of exaggerated importance and constitute in fact, for all political and social purposes, the return to the mistakes of the sophomore society system.

The good points of this Yale system may be summed up briefly. The society men do not retire to room in fraternity houses, but mingle in the dormitories in the most democratic manner. The eating club has never become a distinctly socially inclined institution, rather the tendency is when clubs are formed outside of the university dining hall to make them representative of all elements of the class. The one exception to this is the University Club for upper classmen, which, from the nature of the prices charged, forms a division on financial grounds, and may possibly some day develop into a problem on the grounds of luxury and social division.

The junior society membership takes in about two-thirds of the class, but still leaves in a sense of isolation and rejection a large body that is totally unprovided for. The increase in the junior societies naturally, as has happened everywhere else, arrived only to emphasize this rejection and the sense of loss to the rejected. There is no excessive herding together of the socially elect, especially in the case of Bones, though this deliberate democracy has not always been characteristic of



Skull and Bones House



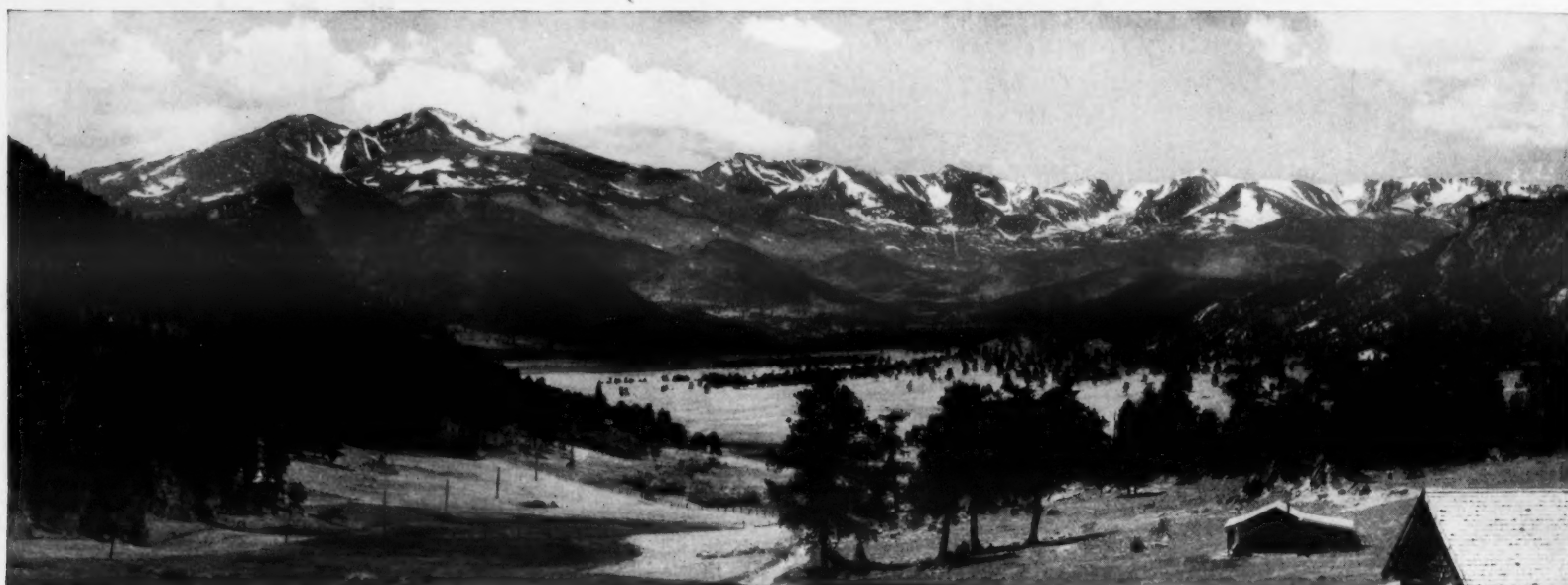
Scroll and Key House



Wolf's Head House

to herd together. They are specially enjoined to continue in the same friendships that existed before. In fact, the rumor is that if three Bones men are seen on Chapel Street together, they are liable to a fine. It has always taken the lead in the democratic progress of the university, being the first society to place its pins out of public view, an example now followed by all but one of the society organizations, and that one in Sheff. Its meetings take place on Thursday and Saturday nights, as is likewise true of the other senior societies. It never fails to include in its membership one or more men working their way through college, and gives special recognition to those who attain high scholarship. Unfortunately, its ideals are so high and its record so consistent that it is the most difficult to convince that the problem is not one of looking in on the internal house-keeping but of looking out on the progress of the world.

The Society of Scroll and Key, founded ten years later than Skull and Bones, for a long time existed on the opposite theory of a congenial social set. Despite periodical reforms, its membership is recruited by so



A Park for the Nation

The Proposed Site of the Estes National Playground and Game Preserve

By ENOS A. MILLS

THE natural scenery of the region which is the proposed site of the Estes National Park was first discovered and brought to public notice by Lord Dunraven more than fifty years ago. Attracted by stories of big game which were recounted to him by the Indians, he visited that region in 1869 on a hunting trip. The mountain meadows were filled with an abundance of game, and this fact, together with the grandeur of the scenery, so interested him that he decided to buy up large land holdings, to be made into a game preserve. He brought Bierstadt, the artist, and Miss Bird, the writer, into the country to help select a site for a hotel and to describe the country for the benefit of those not fortunate enough to have visited it. Both Bierstadt and Miss Bird were so charmed with the romantic loveliness of the forest lakes and mountain peaks that they stayed many months sketching the scenery and writing about the picturesque mountain characters.

The region is indeed possessed of very great beauty. The entrance is through a valley surrounded by high,

forest-clad mountains, the floor being an open, parklike meadow, with scattered groves of pines. At a few points the cliffs jut out into the valley floor. The Big Thompson River meanders through it bordered by birches and willows. In the distance the snow-clad range is visible, a few of its spurs running down into the park. The most picturesque of these is called the Cathedral, from its remarkable combination of domes, cliffs, and spires.

Twenty years ago the Appalachian Club brought out a book, profusely illustrated, called "Mountaineering in Colorado," which contains one of the best descriptions of this valley that has ever been published.

WOODS AND TEMPLED HILLS

THE proposed national park and game preserve is not at all inaccessible, being located in the Rocky Mountains of northern Colorado, only sixty-five miles northwest of Denver. The area proposed measures forty-two miles east and west by twenty-four north and south, and contains 550,000 acres. This is large enough to insure the presence of all the kinds of game indigenous to the region. It is crossed by the most rugged section of the Continental Divide of the Rocky Mountains. It is also touched by the Medicine Bow, Mummy, and Rabbit Ear Mountains.

Eighteen of these mountain peaks rise above 13,000 feet. Around the summits are hundreds of drifts of eternal snow and three glaciers, of which the Hallett is the best known ice field. There are fifty Alpine lakes and torrents, among which Grand Lake is the longest (three miles in length), Odessa Lake the most picturesque, and Chasm Lake the wildest. The last has an altitude of 11,000 feet.

The highest mountain of the region is Longs Peak, whose broken top is 14,256 feet above tidewater. This mountain has among other picturesque gorges the well-known Big Thompson and St. Vrain Cañons. It was first scaled in 1868 by Major Powell of Grand Cañon fame and W. M. Byers, founder of the "Rocky Mountain News." The first woman to climb the mountain was Anna Dickinson, the author and lecturer. She was induced to visit the park by Dr. F. V. Hayden, known as the Father of the Yellowstone Park. Dr. Hayden has described the park in the following eloquent tribute: "Not only has nature amply supplied this valley with features of real beauty and surroundings of admirable grandeur, but it has so distributed them that the eye of an artist may rest with perfect satisfaction on the picture presented."

A SECOND PARADISE VALLEY

THE area proposed is about equally divided between the Atlantic and Pacific Slopes. The Grand River drains the Pacific incline, while the Platte drains the Atlantic Slope. The approximate height of the timber line is 11,000 feet. Below this the forest, which is mostly coniferous, covers all the slopes excepting where torn by cañons or interrupted by ridges and crags. Along the lakes and streams there are many forest meadows.

These meadows are particularly rich in wild flowers.

The high altitude is responsible for great brilliancy of color as well as variety of species. There is an abundance of blue-fringed gentians, mariposa lilies, orchids of several varieties, violets, harebells, Alpine primroses, the Rocky Mountain columbine, wild red rose, and many others. Among the birds are found that wonderful singer, the solitaire, the mountain bluebird, the robin, the white crown sparrow, crested jay, the ptarmigan, and the water ouzel. Of big game the mountain sheep are the most numerous. Deer are also plentiful and there are some elk, bears, and mountain lions. Beavers are numerous, and many of their houses can be found along the streams and on the edges of ponds which they have created themselves.

The climate is particularly suited to a pleasure ground and hunting resort, as the summer weather is perfect and the winters not too cold, with only light falls of snow below the timber line.

Altogether the park is one of those rare places of which John Muir was thinking when he said that they should be "set aside for rest, recreation, and prayer."



The Continental Divide of the Rocky Mountains



Fern Lake at the snow line

The Southern Delegates

VIII.—Texas and Others

HERE is the circular which H. F. MacGregor, Mr. Taft's Texas campaign manager, has been sending out to Texas postmasters:

DEAR SIR—You have been active in giving direction to Republican primaries and conventions, having a personal as well as a political interest therein. Therefore, I am going to ask you to continue as heretofore to exert yourself personally and through your friends in every proper way to see that your precinct and county elect representative delegates to the several conventions who will work for the best interest of the party.

As you know, I feel a deep interest in the renomination of President Taft, and I believe you do; therefore, please take hold of the campaign at once and get Taft Republicans to the polls.

I am going to look to you for the result in your precinct particularly, and, as far as your influence extends, to the County Convention as well, and I wish you to send me a list of those that supported you in your efforts who may be entitled to special credit.

I desire to have a record for each precinct and county for my guidance, and I want those who do the work to get the proper credit.

Thanking you for your efforts in behalf of President Taft, I am,

Yours very truly,
H. F. MACGREGOR, Taft Texas Campaign Manager.

W. B. Brush is one of MacGregor's lieutenants. Here is the sort of letter he writes:

AUSTIN, TEXAS, Nov. 27, 1911.
MR. A. H. PARKER, Taylor, Texas.

DEAR SIR—Yours to hand, glad to hear from you, and you can certainly help the Texas Progressive Republican League MUCH.

And as fully 90 per cent of the Reps. in Texas are in line, it's a cinch that we will "do" Lyon, and those who are factors in assisting us are the ones that will be so recognized when the time comes to shake the "Plum Tree."

Can't you organize Williamson Co. by appointing precinct and box chairmen, and instruct them to urge all Reps. to pay their poll tax so as to have a voice in the primaries?

Lyon and the Federal officials have the "flesh pots," and it's up to us to capture them, then we will have some of the "good things."

There is not a negro in the State that will support Lyon, and their vote (one hundred thousand) is quite enough to make us win; besides, I do not know of any white Reps. that are with him, unless they are in office, or have friends or relatives holding same.

See what you can do.

(Signed) Yours, W. B. BRUSH,
Chairman, T. P. R. League.

Here is another Taft-MacGregor worker in action:

Texas Progressive Republican League
CORSCIANA, TEXAS, March 15, 1912.
MR. W. H. YATES, Forney, Texas.

DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I understand that you are with the Taft movement in this State. I therefore, with the authority I have, appointed you county chairman of the Kaufman County (Texas) Progressive Republican League. You therefore, on receipt of this, proceed to organize your county, appoint precinct chairmen for the purpose of going into the convention when called and capture them. If you cannot capture them, withdraw and hold a convention and elect delegates to County Convention, contesting the others, and from County Convention to State Convention on same lines. Capture if you can, but do not be captured. Send list of delegates from precinct to their county chairman and keep a list yourself. It will also be policy to make affidavit at each convention, which you keep yourself for further reference. The campaign cry is nomination of Taft and elimination of Lyon. We are going to win, so get busy and put yourself on record.

Yours truly,
(Signed) JAS. W. A. CLARK,
651 W. 6th Ave., Corsicana, Texas.

P. S.—Answer this as early as you can so that I can send your name to State chairman.

H. M. Moore, the Taft chairman of the Tenth Congressional District, said to a Roosevelt postmaster:

"You won't be postmaster any longer than it takes to get to you."

In Galveston the Federal patronage pressure is brought to bear through the Custom House. It is the Custom House which dominates the Republican politics of Galveston. A. J. Rosenthal, Deputy Collector of Customs, has been busy in rounding up the Federal employees as local Taft delegates to the County Convention. Nick Washington, D. T. Shelton, and Perry Jasper are day laborers in the Custom House Department, and were "instructed for Taft." John Anderson has been a

do what may be in their power to help continue and maintain the Republican party as a governing factor in the affairs of this Republic.

I appeal to you to join the League in this movement to allow the whole people to control and direct the party organization in Texas to the end that it may become a factor in the affairs of the State and a rewarder of honest party service. There will be no appointments made, so I am advised, pending this Presidential canvass. And when the time comes for the Administration to make appointments, let us hope that an honest Republican organization will find efficient Republicans to charge with the responsibility of holding office.

With high personal regard, I am, respectfully,
W. M. McDONALD,
Member of Republican Progressive League of Texas.

From Georgia there comes another affidavit of the way in which a Taft delegation is captured:

STATE OF GEORGIA, COUNTY OF FULTON.

Personally appeared before me, the undersigned Notary Public in and for said County of Fulton, T. B. JONES, who, being sworn according to law, deposes and says on oath:

That on the 12th day of March, 1912, he heard both Henry S. Jackson and Henry Lincoln Johnson promise to pay certain delegates to the District Convention money for their support in the District and State Conventions, to be used for Mr. Taft; that Henry Lincoln Johnson promised to pay this deponent and others for their support at the District Convention, and on the day of the District Convention, when this deponent was chairman of the Credentials Committee, the said Henry Lincoln Johnson telephoned deponent that the Administration would pay him \$50 if he would unseat the Roosevelt crowd then contending for seats in the convention; that on the day after the State Convention, which was held in Atlanta on March 14, 1912, Mr. Grier, who is the chief clerk of United States Marshal Walter H. Johnson, gave to this deponent, in the Post-Office Building in Atlanta, Georgia, a check for the sum of \$7, for the purpose of paying the board of certain delegates stopping at deponent's house during the District and State Conventions; that deponent saw Henry Lincoln Johnson and Ben J. Davis paying a hundred or more delegates to the District and State Conventions at the office of the Atlanta "Independent" on Auburn Avenue on the night of the State Convention, and also saw them pay other delegates off on the morning after the convention in actual coin of the realm; that some of these delegates were paid as much as fifteen and twenty dollars each.

T. B. JONES.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of April, 1912.

HARRY M. PASCHAL,
Notary Public, Fulton County, Georgia.

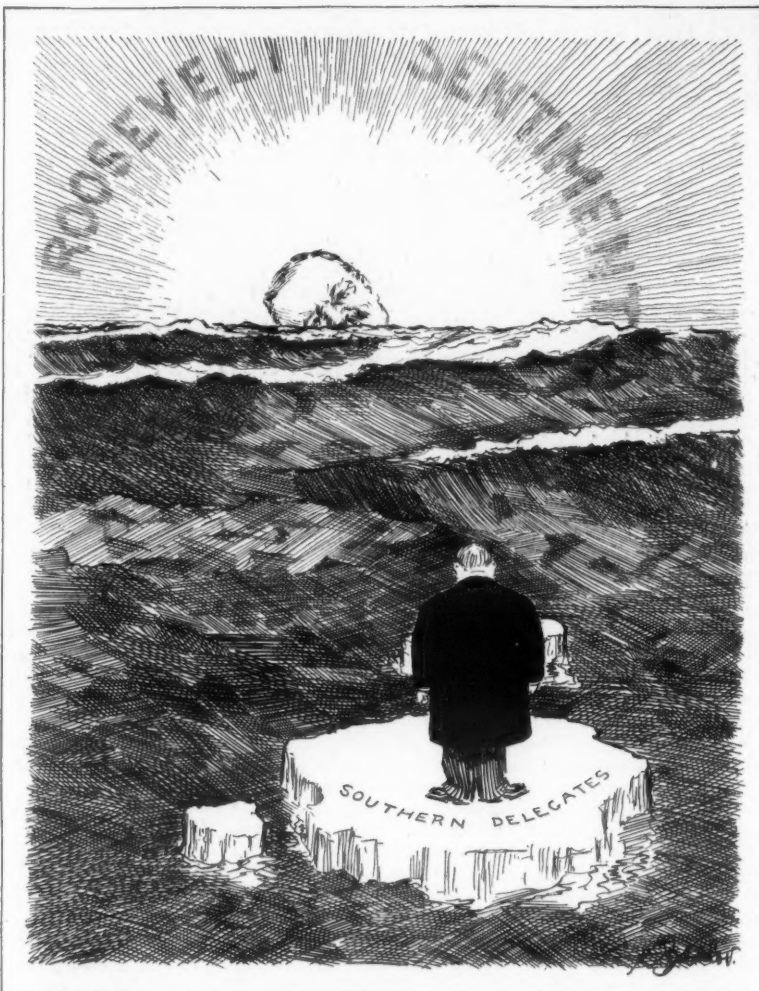
The evils of the Southern delegate system are:

1. States casting a small Republican vote send so many delegates to the National Convention as to make the balance of power. States with almost no Republican vote are potent in nominating a President. Thus Louisiana, where the Republican vote is so small that there is no Republican party, sends up twenty delegates to nominate a President. Kansas, with 197,216 Republican voters, has only twenty delegates. Eight hundred and eighty-eight Republicans in Florida have an equal voice in selecting a President as 10,000 Republicans in Colorado. Two hundred and eighteen Mississippi Republicans are as potent as 11,000 Michigan Republicans.

2. The delegates themselves are mostly either Federal officeholders or purchasable negroes.

3. The purchase price of certain of the delegates varies from "railroad expenses" to \$25 to \$125. In certain counties the postmaster calls a handful of negroes into his rear office and says: "I'm going up to the District and State Convention. Remember, we've had a convention. You were delegates and I'm carrying up your proxies."

4. Federal offices in the Southern States are loaded with low-grade Republican political hacks. The postmaster or collector at the top disintegrates the classified civil service list under him by his political nervousness.



Melting under a rising sun

sampler. Willis Wood has received the promise of the next opening. Rosenthal controls these Federal employee voters.

In order to secure recognition in Brazos County, the postmaster at Bryan, Texas, and five negroes bolted and declared for Taft.

In Harris County, where the County Executive Committee consisted of over seventy men, with only one friendly to Roosevelt, there were seated in temporary organization thirty-three Roosevelt delegates and thirteen Taft delegates with nine contested delegates. MacGregor, Taft's campaign manager, Postmaster Strong, and United States District Attorney McDaniel bolted and got a Taft delegation.

In Laredo a mass County Convention was ordered by the county chairman. When this convened and it was found that there were one hundred and seventeen present favoring Roosevelt, the county chairman announced that a Precinct Convention had been held out at a coal mine near by, and the Collector of Customs, J. J. Haynes, and twenty-two men bolted and held a separate convention.

Gooseneck McDonald is a negro henchman of MacGregor. He sent out a circular to Federal officeholders in which he says:

I desire you to understand that our fight does not mean a fight on the officeholders. We are bound to have some people to administer the functions of office. The Administration at Washington, I am advised, does not wish to browbeat and coerce officeholders into supporting this or that man or measure, but the Administration earnestly desires and confidently expects all honest, patriotic Republicans, whether officeholders or not, to



The Bainsbury Divorce

The Story of a Wife Who Rebelled—As Told by Herself

Part I

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

salesladies sitting down between customers at Collins's store. The girls behind the counter were just as good as anyone that came into the place; just as good as Collins himself. It was all life; there was something doing every minute; folks joking and bantering us all day in the store, fun in the evening at the boarding house, and a dance every Saturday night. I've seen a dozen fellows at a time make a rush across the dancing floor to get to me when a dance was called.

But more than all that, you can't imagine how deadly important I felt it to be earning that fourteen dollars a week. I think I was fitted for the life. I think if they had let me alone I could have gone on and made a first-

class drygoods woman; a buyer for some big store. I had been terribly oppressed by my penniless condition after my father died. It may seem heartless, but that troubled me more than the loss of my parents. I don't think I really was heartless, but nevertheless this was true. After all, food is the first necessity of life. All the finer feelings come after. We know that a few days of starvation have caused civilized men to revert to cannibalism.

I WAS as happy as a child in those days; happier than I had ever been as a child. I suppose it made me prettier. I fancy I was quite like my Irish mother when she was my age. I had the blue Irish eyes, "rubbed in with a dirty finger." My hair was black, to match my long curling eyelashes, my skin was a lovely pink and white, and my figure was perfect for my age; long and slim, and yet rounded; rounded just by the shape and form of it, for there wasn't an ounce of superfluous flesh on me. I was a perfect black-haired blonde; and when I laughed, as I was always doing in those days, I showed teeth as white and sound as pearls. I had never been sick a day in my life, and I was health and vitality clear through. I don't tell these things through egotism. The fact that I was attractive is part of the story. If I hadn't been I wouldn't have had this story; some other, perhaps, but not this one.

Well, I had just five weeks in Collins's store. Then they married me off to Jim Bainsbury. I didn't seem to have anything to say about it. Jim was manager of the Fairview mine, where my Uncle Pat was working then. He ate at our house when he came to town. He could well afford to live at the Leadville House, but he came to us for the cooking. At least that was one reason, but I think that even then the quality that I have observed in him so much of late years was at work. Jim never wanted to associate with his equals, but only with his inferiors. At the Leadville House he was one among others; mine managers, mining experts, mine owners; business men of Leadville, traveling men, and an occasional capitalist, come to look over investments. He was no better than the rest of them. At our house he was a little king among the common miners who boarded there.

He was taken with me the very first time that I waited on him. He could hardly eat for watching me, and the other men at the table noticed it and laughed. That very first day he tried to put his arm around me in the hall upstairs alone. I pushed him off and said: "You let me alone." Then I ran to my aunt and told her about it. It was my aunt kept everything straight as a string about that place. Her girls were always fooling and guying with the miners, and going to dances with them and getting home at

three o'clock in the morning. But she took care of them, and she taught them mighty well how to take care of themselves, from the little ten-year-old up. In my case she took me away from Jim's table and set me to wait at another. Then she gave me my instructions.

"Look you, now," said she. "I could speak to Jim Bainsbury, and I will if it's necessary. There's plenty of jobs for Pat; still, Pat has got a good one under Jim, and I'd rather not make trouble if I can help it. But there's no need. You can take care of yourself if you have any wit. Keep a good watch, and never get caught alone with him. But if he does catch you by surprise and tries it again, just slap his face and yell. Don't have any fear, just slap his face and let out a screech. He'll never make any trouble about that, the old devil, because they'd give him the laugh."

I NEVER needed to go that far, for I was never alone with him again till I was engaged to him, and I was married to him two weeks after that happened. He went to Pat almost immediately, and it never entered Pat's head, or my aunt's, or anybody else's, that I wouldn't marry him. It was a great match for me. All my girl cousins had beaux among the miners and clerks, but not one of them in Jim's class. He was the big man in our circle. He was eighteen years older than I, but that only made him a young man of thirty-four, and he was a great, strapping, handsome fellow, who dressed well and rode a fine horse.

Well, they gave me a great wedding, and he took me to Denver for a wedding trip, and then he took me up on the back of Fairview to live, where he was managing one of Moffat's mines. And I can truly say that I never wanted to marry him. I don't mean to say I was forced in any way. Indeed, I was pleased and flattered—terribly flattered; and I had no repugnance at all for him. What I mean to say is that I had never at that time felt any desire for any man. I didn't know what the feeling was. Nor had I ever felt any desire for motherhood; and motherhood came right away. These things were thrust upon me, so to speak, by the system

AS THERE have been columns and pages and Sunday stories with pictures printed all over the United States about the Bainsbury divorce, I suppose, seeing that I am Mrs. Bainsbury, that I may be allowed to write a few words about it. Bainsbury sounds like an awfully swell name, but we were never really swell. We were never slum, either; just plain people. I came off a Nebraska farm. My father was of the old American stock. My mother was Irish; came over in the steerage. She was hired girl on the ranch where my father was a cowboy.

They married and had a little ranch of their own, but they never did very well. She died when I was fifteen, and I kept house for my father alone for about a year. Then he died, too, very suddenly, from the kick of a horse. Then I found the farm was all mortgaged, or something—I didn't know anything about business in those days. All I knew was they took it away from me, and I didn't have any home.

I went to stay with a neighbor woman a little while, till I could get word from my uncle in Leadville. Then I went out to him.

MY UNCLE was my mother's brother. Out West the English always take to the land, while the Irish take to the mines; which is the reason we have so many Irish millionaires in the West. My uncle Pat was a miner, getting six dollars a day, and had a flock of children, ranging from ten to twenty. All but the youngest were earning; money was plenty; they were a jolly, light-hearted Irish crew. Leadville was in its boom days, everybody was busy and happy, not to say hilarious.

I went around in such a maze of bewilderment that it all seemed a kind of a wonderful moving-picture show at first. I had been an only child; several had died when they were babies. We couldn't get doctors very well out on the Nebraska plains in those days, and I suppose my mother didn't know how to take care of them very well. I had grown up alone, and, though I wasn't aware of the fact, I suppose it was a very lonely life. When I was plunged, a little black-robed figure, into the midst of that yelping, roistering mob of cousins, I was almost too confused to speak.

Six cousins and my uncle and aunt were not enough. My aunt must keep a miners' boarding house; and as she was a fine cook the place was full of men all the time, and crowded with them Saturday night and Sunday when they came in from the hills. The two older girls did the chamber work and waited on table, and at first I was put to that too. But in just one week I was transferred to Collins's store.

COLLINS'S was the big store in Leadville in those days: a general store, with ladies' goods and men's too, and groceries and mining supplies. Collins kept dynamite for sale in a hut out beyond the city limits, and he had pins and thread and needles and ribbons in the showcases. It was here I was put at first, at the notion counter. My cousin Katie was there, and when the girl that worked with her left to get married she brought me down to take her place that very afternoon. Collins was glad to get me and paid me fourteen dollars a week. Think of that! Fourteen a week for a green girl just off the ranch. Those were great old days for the working people in Leadville.

As I look back over my life now, it is a curious thing, but those five weeks in Collins's store stand out as the happiest of my whole existence. I liked the work. It was not hard at all. There was no trouble about the



I felt my youth surge up in me almost unbearably



He could hardly eat for watching me, and the other men at the table noticed it and laughed

of things. I was a green child, and took what they handed out to me without a thought of doing otherwise. I don't blame anybody. I don't know now, because of the children, that I would have had it any different. But I do think that a girl shouldn't be married off until she knows enough about things to at least know whether she wants a man or not.

We were married in the fall, and though in Denver it seemed still summer when we left, it was stark winter on old Fairview when we got up there. It was an awful winter that season. The trail down the mountain was blocked for months at a time. Fairview is twenty miles back in the hills, different from most of the Leadville mines, which are right around the camp. I was the only woman on the mountain that winter. They had a man cook over at the mine boarding house. And the baby was coming all those months. I won't go into that. I will just say that a great deal of romance and idealism and poetry is written about the joys of motherhood, mostly by men. When I read it, I think of the lost, lonely, bewildered time I had that first winter; the discomfort and the pain, and the frightened feeling, and the plain, unvarnished homesickness for my aunt's boarding house, and Collins's store, and the Saturday night dances, and to be free and jolly and able-bodied once more. As I look at my girl, still in her schoolgirl dresses, a mere child still to me, and remember that I was just her age when I went through with that winter, it seems to me I would about as soon see her in her coffin as to send her into the same thing.

WELL, I had my babies, one after another, just as fast as I could, until there were four in a row, like little step stairs. Of course, I loved my children, and I loved to nurse them and dress them and play with them when they were little. After they came they became a part of my life, a part of myself, and I was ready to slave for them or die for them. But, nevertheless, each one was such a burden of care, and anxiety, and plain, literal hard labor that I dreaded their coming. All my youth dropped away from me before I ever had it. No more fun, no more good times, just a ceaseless round of toil over the children. I didn't grudge it, but it was so. Besides, people don't seem to realize that a woman's maternal instincts are just as much exercised and satisfied with one or two children as with a dozen. After the others have come, she can't give them up. But if they don't come she is just as happy and just as much a mother with the one or two. I was always afraid my babies would die, remembering how my mother's had died. I was frightened if they had a cold, or a rash, or a pimple. I had no idea how to take care of them.

Although I had been only five weeks in Collins's store, I knew more about selling his goods than about taking care of my own children. And it was so hard for me to find out anything about it. I was almost cut off from town all those years. In summer, it is true, it was a beautiful ride to Leadville and back, and I had ridden horseback all my life. But I was in a condition a good part of the time that prevented my riding up and down those steep trails; so steep in places that I had to hang onto the horse's mane going up to keep from slipping over his tail, and onto his tail going down to keep from slipping over his head. I had ridden steady ranch horses on the wide, level prairies of Nebraska, and not these mean, bucking bronchos; and I had never ridden with a baby in my arms and another clinging on behind, perhaps. So from the very first I gave up horseback riding almost entirely; and it was one of my privations. Sometimes, when I went out of the cabin door early of a morning, and saw the glorious sun of the Rockies shining from that sapphire sky, glinting with gold all the dark, pine-clad hills about, and the snow-clad peaks that soared away beyond, I felt my youth surge up in me almost unbearably. The sudden longing would come

just to drop everything and leap on a good horse's back and go galloping away as I used to gallop on the plains. But I never could.

I longed chiefly for my aunt in those years, and I could see her but rarely. She was a busy, hard-working woman, and could not get up to Fairview very often. When I could talk with her she always explained a great many things to me and helped me along wonderfully. I had a hired girl some of the time, and some of those hired girls were the consolation of my life, and I always retained a friendship for them. Since the divorce, some of the papers, tracing up my record, have flung it up at me that my best friends in Leadville were hired girls. And sometimes there was a woman over at the mine boarding house.

I SUPPOSE with some husbands a woman wouldn't go to a hired girl with her troubles. But Jim never seemed able to grasp the idea that I had any troubles if he couldn't see them. Obvious things, like sickness, or no help when I was sick in bed, he could grasp and take measures to handle. I remember one evening in winter I sat in the cabin alone, crying. The room was all clean and quiet, the lamp glowing through its red shade, the big coal stove gleaming fiercely flame color at every crack, and the cat purring before it. The baby was asleep, and there seemed nothing to trouble; but I sat by the stove crying. He came in and stood looking at me.

"What's the matter?" said he.

"Nothing," said I, and tried to wipe the tears away as fast as I could.

"Now look here, Connie," said he, "what you have to go through is what all women have to go through; that's what women are for in this world; to mind the house, and have children, and look after them, while the man makes the money to support them and their children. What if I cried because I have to run the mine and support you and the baby? What would you think of me? Why can't you be a woman, instead of crying around like a child? I didn't wonder so much before the baby was born, but now that you've had one and got through all right you ought to be ashamed."

I MADE no answer. I never answered Jim back. So he took his hat and went back to the boarding house and stayed till midnight, playing cards with the men. This was one of the times when Jim was good and tried to reason with me. Other times he would be harsh and call me a fool. And in those days I accepted every word he said as true. I supposed I was a fool. There was only one thing that caused a sort of confused feeling of resentment in my mind. I didn't suppose I had any right to resent it, but I couldn't help it. That was when he talked about "supporting" me. That precious fourteen dollars a week would stick in my crop. I would think: "I was supporting myself all right when he found me. He didn't have to take me on his hands unless he wanted to." But I never said it. I didn't dare.

When my youngest child was two years old and the oldest eight, Jim set me to running the mine boarding house. Jim was not stingy or close. He didn't set me to money-earning from meanness, but because he was putting every dollar of his salary, except what was absolutely necessary to feed and clothe us, into a claim of his own. Mining is an expensive business. You have to put a fortune into the ground in order to take one out. A salary of even \$500 a month doesn't go far when you're paying an outfit of men and buying machinery. All the miners and prospectors have to give nine-tenths of all they find to the big capitalists for money to work the ground.

Jim had faith in the Little Benny from the start, and was determined not to take any big fellow in with him to control the thing. He intended to be the big fellow and control it himself; which was all right,

only he couldn't have done it without me. We worked and saved and scrimped, and sold now a thirty-second and now a sixty-fourth to some little fellow to get money to go on with, and all those years I made enough to pay every penny that the children and I cost. Jim had only himself to keep, and could put all the rest into the Benny.

IT WAS a rough life. The men slept in the bunk house, in bare wooden bunks, one above the other, like berths in a steamer, on their own blankets, that they never washed all winter; no sheets or pillowcases. I never went over there; they tended to it themselves. But every morsel of food I cooked with my own hands; great hunks of boiled beef, great pots of boiled potatoes, great pans of baked beans, ten-gallon kettles of coffee, and pies—O Lord! To this day the sight of a pie nauseates me. And the children peeled potatoes and set table and washed dishes, and helped me scrub the dining-room floor, where the men had squirted their tobacco juice over it.

I could have stopped them, if Jim hadn't done it too. The poor kids never went to school while we lived on the mountain. We had child labor on the hill all right, and their father getting \$500 a month. They grew up like little heathens, save that I taught them all to read, and how I did it I couldn't tell you. They could have gone down to Leadville to my aunt and gone to school there. But I either had to have their work at the boarding house or hire help, and take that much out of the Benny. It was physically impossible for me to get through it all alone.

I got so I was just a machine for work those years. And yet to-day I feel more thankful for that experience than for anything else in my life. It made me an independent human being. It was this way. When it came about that I was clothing myself and the children out of the boarding house, I began to do the buying for us all out of the money I took in, without turning it over to Jim first. Then I began to buy for the boarding house. When we were getting in our winter supplies I would go down and spend \$2,000 at a time. The Leadville storekeepers knew me and respected me. I banked my own money and drew my own checks. I got the whole business into my head. I could take a hotel or boarding house or restaurant to-day and run it.

Jim gradually left it more and more to me because it was less trouble, and because he was away a good deal of the time. He was sent for to expert mines. Jim understood ores and ore-bearing ground. I'll never say he didn't. But the result was that I gradually became an independent business woman.

Well, the day came when we struck it.

THE Benny, which had always yielded just enough to keep us working at it in a fever, one day showed up a vein of almost solid gold, glittering in a long streak between the blue lime overhead and the dolomite foot-wall. I never saw such a sight in my life. They brought me in a nugget as big as my thumb, pure gold; and when I saw it I threw down my dishcloth and said: "There, I guess I'm done with this kitchen." And in fact Jim sent for other parties to take over the boarding house that very day, and we moved back into the cabin.

But that wasn't what I wanted. Does anyone think I could carry on a business like that boarding house for years, and then contentedly drop back into a three-room log cabin with nothing to fill the place in my mind which had been occupied by such an enterprise? I didn't want to keep the boarding house, but I wanted something else in its place which would exercise the faculties it had developed. And I had got sense enough by that time to realize how much of life I was missing. My one idea was to be off to Denver.

END OF PART I



Lucia di

"SOMETIMES, when I have a grouch the morning after," said Curly, reaching in his shirt pocket for his fine cut as he rode, "I think I'd like to have a new little tin world all o' my own, and all by myself." He completed the making of his cigarette as we trotted on up the valley, and at length went on with his philosophizing.

"An' then again, when I look around the way things is fixed, nice morning like this, and not no morning after, I can't help allowin' she might be a worse world than what she is, the way she's fixed right now."

He waved a hand toward the gray hills and upward at the blue sky of Wyoming. Franks Peak rose white-topped far to the west. The notch cut into the Rockies by the Grey Bull lay directly ahead of us, and the valley of Rock Creek came down on the right. It was a beautiful and comfortable landscape, this morning. What man would not enjoy it, with a trout rod and a rifle scabbard under his leg, a well-stocked fly book in one pocket and plenty of tobacco in another?

"Take a bright day like this," mused Curly, "when it's warm and dry, with plenty of wind, the hoppers gits to movin' around right lively and the wind blows them on the water. That's when old Mr. Trout gets busy. Ain't no better business man than Mr. Trout—he always hustles when things are comin' his way easy. We'll catch plenty of fish to-day sure."

We were riding now apart from the main trail, turning up Rock Creek Valley, and as we advanced there was noticeable on a little knoll to the left a tall white picket fence, making a small inclosure, very noticeable in that country where wire and rawhide are more abundant than whitewashed palings. Curly saw this as plainly as I, but when I inquired about it he turned his gaze ahead musingly and made no answer beyond reasserting that no doubt we would get plenty of trout that day.

HIS prophecy was correct. The peculiarly fat and delectable trout in this little river were unusually obliging, and while our horses grazed about, the reins hanging down over their heads, we soon caught all we wished. "Come on," said Curly, "what's the use catchin' any more o' these little fellers? Let's go an' lay down in the sun an' take a rest."

We hunted out a spot where the sun was bright and the wind fresh, and so rested for a long time, just being glad we were alive, as Curly phrased it. Meantime I swept the mountains and the nearer valley with my field glasses, turning them at last on the little picket fence which we had left far below us in the valley. Once more I spoke to Curly about this singular phenomenon, and once more he seemed to avoid the subject; but at length he replied: "Yes, it's a fence, an' a picket fence; only one in the valley an' the only one in Wyoming, far as I know; an' it's white—the Z Bar boys paint her every spring. I helped to build her myself."

"Seems like a little garden fence, Curly," said I, focusing the glasses more carefully.

"Well, it ain't a garden just exactly," said Curly reluctantly. "Fact is, it's a grave, with a little fence around it. Didn't you ever hear about that?"

I never had, and, seeing now the reason for Curly's reticence, said no more. It was some time before he spoke again.

"It'll seem right funny to you, Sir Algernon," said he, "when I tell you there's a Englishman buried there, an' that he's got the only picket fence around his grave ever was in such case made an' pervided in this whole valley. I reckon he couldn't help bein' a Englishman, an' he tried to live it down out here for twenty years. Best proof he did is that fence the boys built around him. I even almost liked him myself. His name was Sandy Hamilton."

"How came he to die?"

CURLY mused for a time, after putting down his cigarette and stamping the end with his boot heel. "The real fact is, Hamilton was the one that could best tell you about that, an' he's dead—it's his fence. Besides, it was strictly his own funeral, in every sense o' the word."

"You see, it was this way. Sandy Hamilton may or may not of been his name; we didn't care. There not bein' any land over in England, but just only money, he comes over here an' trades money for land copious. There was plenty o' people out here in the old times that reaped where they didn't sow none. Gradual, Sandy Hamilton reaches a time when he has more land than money, an' then a time when he ain't got much o' neither."

"Hamilton, he didn't talk much, an' when his brand run out, he went in as foreman at one o' the ranches below. He was game an' decent, could ride a little an' drink a lot. We says to him, 'Welcome, little friend, in our midst'; an' we let it go at that. He dropped in an' made good, an' never said anything about goin' anywheres else to live."

"Now, you see, English folks is built different from us over here. In England a family is made up of poppa an' mamma an' the oldest son, with all the others trailin', an' them three first, ridin' point. In our country we don't bar the youngest son in the bunch if he can lick all the others. But if you got to be borned in England, always be careful an' be borned first. If you ain't, you'd just as well not be borned at all nohow, for like enough you got to rustle an' see your little brother—who like enough has got white hair an' no eyebrows to mention—a-sportin' around in the ancestral halls while you're runnin' sheep in Australia or cows in Wyoming; in which latter case you would probably make a firm endeavor to sop up all the firewater they is."

"Judged on that there last basis, Sandy Hamilton must of been about two or three youngest sons. Not even Meeteetse likker could jar him so he didn't know which way was home. We tried not to let such things affect our judgment about cow hands out here. Anyhow, the Z Bar said he was good enough for foreman. On that job he did as well as anybody, brandin' a few hundred calves each spring an' not

losin' more'n his share by wolves, an' allowin' the owner of the ranch about as much as we all thought was money enough for him to have. Sandy could eat

a man's vittals, all right, an' once in a while he'd go out huntin' or fishin', an' sometimes us boys'd blow in an' we'd all have a game of cards now an' then. It's a man's life, an' I don't see what kind o' life anywhere in the wide world would be better for either a oldest son or a youngest son. An' yet," said Curly—turning sidewise and looking at the little white fence down the valley—"that wasn't good enough for Sandy Hamilton."

"There was lack of woman's nursin' and a dearth of woman's tears in the Grey Bull them days. It wasn't hard to keep from gettin' married when a feller used any kind of ordinary diligence. Such houses as they was up an' down the valley was mostly occupied by a headache an' a cookstove. I dunno's the calico o' Meeteetse an' other seaports around here was just the kind that marries into the royal family of England. Like enough maybe girls is plentier over there too. But Sandy Hamilton he never showed no sign o' goin' back to England. Like a man startin' to build a fire, he just takes such sticks as is handy."

"This Lucy Hays girl, up Rock Creek yonder, was a good-looker, an' for me I'm willin' to let it go at that an' not get too blamed descriptive. She couldn't do her worst an' be near as bad as you an' me, Sir Algernon. Now, she was pony-built like, with dark eyes hung right loose—the sort that to my mind is about as dangerous as any. The way Sandy happened to meet her was when he was takin' a beef cut up to Cody. This Lucy girl was ridin' a American horse that had never seen that many cows, an' he begun

to go mean when they crowded him into a wire fence that some nester had put up as a last prayer to Providence. Sandy rides in an' kills a couple of good beef cows with his six-shooter, an' then observes this pony-built girl with loose eyes a little closer. After which they nearly fall off'n their horses, leanin' toward each other so instinctive. You see, Sandy was six feet an' a rider, an' she's five feet an' human. I dunno's I need ast no questions since Sandy didn't—they was married right soon before a J. P. in Cody, an' for some days thereafter there is spontaneous celebrations all up an' down the Grey Bull Valley. You can't tell by lookin' at a man's face what he's thinkin' about. I don't know what Sandy was thinkin' about or if he compared them matters to what might ha' been back home. He was a square man, whether he was a oldest or a youngest son, an' I think some gentleman, too. He never said a word to her about who he was or where he came from, an' he was as kind to her as a man can be to a woman."

"Did he really marry her because he loved her, or because somethin' else? Now you're askin' questions? What I'm sayin' is that he was as kind an' square with her as a man ever was with a woman. Maybe this Lucy person appreciated that, an' treated him so that he began to git in love with her more'n more. He'd tell me—an' why should he talk in earnest that away to a puncher with red hair an' freckles?—an' argue to me what a good woman Lucy was, an' how any man in the world couldn't help but plumb worship such a good woman like her. 'Think of me!' he'd say once in a while—an' he'd shake his head like his likker wasn't agreein' with him. I knew better—it was only because he was gettin' worse gone on his wife. Well, now, in a case like that, the quieter everybody kin keep the better for everyone concerned. We all

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Rock Creek

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

known about Lucy. In them days it was always allowed that gettin' married wiped the slate fer all parties concerned."

Curly stopped, musing, his small blue eyes sweeping the wide gray country which lay out before us and around us, as though he saw the passing figures of another day. After all, it was his own business, whether he talked further or not, and I did not interrupt him. When at length he resumed it was on quite a different line:

"You know the time when old man Wright an' me goes to Chicago with them twenty-five cars of Galloway's that topped the Chicago market—about six years ago it was?" I nodded.

"SIR ALGERNON, them was the happy days fer little Curly! When we got to Chicago, old man Wright puts in about a week tryin' to solve a great industrial problem, which is, how many highballs a strong man really can hold in twelve hours? I don't believe in highballs myself, fer the water takes up too much room which might be used for good likker. But that was the way old man Wright was figgerin' it that trip, such bein' the habits of his city friend that was showing him the sights of the metropolis, the way he always does when old man Wright comes to town. It was them habits of old man Wright's friend that got my boy Bob married to the manicure—over on the San Pedro, you know. Meantime, old man Wright invites me to go to the opory continuous, until he gits his problem solved proper. Seemed like the grandest kind o' grand opera was in town right about then. 'I don't mean no concert, now, Curly,' says he, 'but real opory, the kind that costs five dollars a throw to git in, an' a quarter to check your hat, an' ten dollars fer the carriage, an' twenty fer the supper.'"

"At them rates, Colonel," says I, "I might go part way fer fifteen minutes."

"It don't cost you a cent," said old man Wright. "Here's your ticket fer to-night, an' here's the key to my room over

to the hotel. You go in there an' you'll find my spike-tail coat in there on a chair, ef it ain't under the bed, an' the rest of the outfit around there somewhere. Them clothes may be a little wide in places, but the bell hop'll git you into 'em somehow, and cinch up the slack, so that you'll do."

"Why can't I go right the way I am now?" says I.

"Nope; it ain't legal," says old man Wright. "Never shall it be said that any cow hand o' mine set in a city game without as good cards as anybody. Here's a month's salary extra that you haven't earned—you haven't earned any of 'em fer that matter, probably, but we'll let that pass," says he. "Now you go on away an' give as good a imitation as you can of a city swell—but don't you let me see you lookin' that away. Git! I'm busy!"

"Sir Algernon, you remember the first time you ever shot a grizzly? Like enough he only stood up an' peeped over a log an' said 'Boo!' at you, but to you he looked over twenty feet high. Well, that's the way I felt about this here opory game an' them clothes. But I gits in to old man Wright's room, an' I calls a bell hop, an' give him a dollar, an' says I: 'Me good man, here is where you git awful busy.' Well, sir, between him an' me, we got me blindfolded an' backed into them clothes somehow, an' when I happened to look in the glass after that I give the bell hop another dollar instinctive. I asked him was I all hooked up the back all right, an' he said I was. I busted two pair of old man Wright's white gloves tryin' to git 'em on, but he had plenty more on the bureau, so I didn't care. Bell hop he goes in the pantry an' digs up a hat which folds up like a canvas minnow pail. I wanted one o' these little glasses you screw in your eye, but old man Wright he didn't have none such. He drewed the line somewhere. Still, I was gettin' more dignified every minute. I give the bell hop another dollar that I found on the bureau, an' says: 'Me good man, have me carriage at once,' says I, an' says he: 'Very good, sir.' The drum major at the front

door, says he: 'Where to, sir?' an' says I: 'The grand opory—the main show.' When in doubt in a city, give a quarter or a half or a whole dollar to the first man you meet. Thataway, even the drum major'll touch his hat to you an' not notice red hair and freckles—which don't usual git much reverence no other way.

"Well, when I come to, Sir Algernon, there I was settin' down plumb in the middle of a herd of gazelles that had more di'monds than I knowed was ever made; an' don't you ever tell me that evenin' clothes ain't becomin' to ladies, because they shore are. I was right in the middle of a little pen on the parlor floor upstairs in the theatre. Them people sort o' sized me up, but I stood pat an' didn't say a word except to move my chair back an' let a lady git nearer to the rail. All around was rows an' rows of folks, mostly women, risin' up out o' the valley several hundred feet, I reckon, plumb up to the rim rock where the gallery was. They was all usin' their field glasses readin' brands.

"NOW, when you are scared, best thing you can do is not to let on, ef you can help it, fer maybe the other fellow's scared too. Seemed to me like everybody in that whole opory house knowed I had red hair that curled, an' freckles that don't come off in the wash, but at last I taken a look around an' I sort o' grinned to myself. 'Pshaw, Curly,' says I, 'such hair as it is, you got a heap more of it than most o' these fellers here.'"

"All at once I near jumped out of my chair, an' the girl next to me laffed. I didn't know the band was loaded that-away, an' when they all turned loose at once, I was some startled. After a while the band quieted down an' they begun to play music so that you could kind o' feel it in your hair like—soft an' easy."

"The name of this here piece to-night is 'Lucy de Lammermoor': Scotch, I reckon—maybe you seen it yourself. Now, here's a nice, kind, good young man, little Edgar, in love a-plenty, but playin' in hard luck. An' here's another feller called Henry, which is lord o' the works. Henry, he's got a sister—this Lucy de Lammermoor—an' he wants Lucy to marry a man by the name o' Arthur, but Lucy don't like Arthur's hair an' eyes an' balks on the proposition. About now a feller name o' Norman breaks in an' warbles a few, tellin' how bad Lucy is stuck on Edgar."

"Why, look here," says he to Henry, singin' tenor, 'just the other day Lucy was out in the park, an' she got run up a tree by that mean Jersey bull you keep out there, an' ef it wouldn't of been for Edgar comin' along right then an' killin' the bull with his six-shooter, Lucy'd be up the tree yet.'

"Now you begin to see, Sir Algernon, that things is a good deal alike in Lammermoor an' in Wyoming. I thought of Sandy an' Lucy right away."

"Now comes Lucy. She has on plenty o' white clothes an' all kinds o' pearls and di'monds. She ain't no peach to look at, but, God forbid, how that woman kin sing! I've heard several ladies at Butte an' Cody an' Cheyenne that drawed maybe twenty or thirty a week singin', but they didn't have voices at all alongside o' this party. When she was done, folks clapped their hands an' hollered—even the men in the band did."

"LITTLE EDGAR, like all them other people, was dressed in short panties with lace hangin' on the edges, an' wide boots such as no cow-puncher could wear. I couldn't see what Lucy could find about this feller to love very much. Besides, he don't show no sort o' judgment. Instead o' marryin' the girl an' takin' her along, he goes off to France alone. To me he didn't look like he had enough sense to run a delicatessen store."

"Well, when they raise the curtain again, they pull a fake letter on Lucy now, which says little Edgar has been false to her. It looked to me like they was shore playin' it low-down on a woman, but Lucy she allows Edgar has went back on her, so what kin she do? She says she'll marry anybody to be obligin', so she signs her name to a paper to marry Arthur. Little Edgar, he takes the fast freight back to France once more, after cussin' out the whole Lammermoor family."

(Continued on page 30)



Bert Williams hung around the bar a good deal but Sandy didn't make any kind o' break



The Finer Emotions

By PERCY M. CUSHING

ILLUSTRATED BY W. M. BERGER

WITH no change of expression on his broad, ugly face, the huge, yellow-skinned native picked up the plug of tobacco that Blake tossed him, and shuffled silently away.

Monson laughed. "Humph!" he said, "and you were telling us last night that these pumpkin-faced heathens think as we think and feel as we feel. Why, they don't even know what gratitude is, let alone the finer emotions. Look at that brute now. He doesn't realize that you've given him what it would take him half a day to earn jerking cargoes out of these rotten schooners of yours down at the wharves."

He was fresh from the United States, was Monson, and he had not yet learned the trader's respect for the things that keep him in hard tack and Scotch whisky.

"Oh, I don't know," said Oakleigh of the *Shark*, "I've seen 'em when they seemed to think in a straight line. You'll find stupid individuals even among white men. Monson. Of course, I don't know that their emotions are as keen as ours, but—"

"I do," said Blake quietly, leaning back in the canvas chair on the veranda of the trading station. These rotten schooners of mine, as you call them, Monson, are a little testimonial to it. Perhaps I can show you how I know."

Monson grunted, but Blake, ignoring him, went on:

"Old Henry Schrader was master of the *North Star*. Perhaps you remember her, Oakleigh? A trim little vessel, a witch on the wind, and able as a horse. Schrader picked her up somewhere on a questionable deal, was the story. Just what the deal was I do not know, and it makes no difference now. It would have taken a couple of accountants to have kept track of all Schrader's deals, crooked and otherwise. It was a way the old man had. It doesn't matter how you get it, so long as you get it, was the theory on which he worked. There were a good many queer stories about Schrader, but—well, he's dead now."

"Anyway, at the time of which I speak, he was trading

in the *North Star* along the cays of Crooked Island Passage. He'd lost his mate in a blow off Northeast Channel, and when he touched at Eleuthera, I shipped with him as first officer."

Blake paused to lazily light a fresh cigar.

"This takes us to the point where events began to happen," he went on presently. "We were following the trades up toward Rum Cay, and had completed half the run with fair weather, when the wind hauled close to the southwest, and it began to blow great guns. We got the bark under storm sail at once, and stood on our course the best we could. We made very good work of it too, for Schrader had a good crew, twenty of them, and all white men. Three were Englishmen, the rest Portuguese and Scandinavians, Scandinavians predominating. The second mate was a Swede. His name was Ahlgren, and I'd taken a distinct dislike to him the moment I had come aboard."

"He was an exceptionally big man, bull-throated, deep of chest, and his shoulders scraped both sides of the companionway when he went below. A great shock of yellow hair went down his throat into his shirt collar, and he had mean, squinty little pig eyes. I remember marking him as fair a sample of bullying murderer as I had ever seen."

"On the second day the gale dropped slightly, and with the glass beginning to climb, we knew that we were coming out of the blow. I had the deck and was aft by the wheel, when the lookout ahead hailed and reported a vessel in distress on our lee bows. Jumping to the mizzen shrouds, I could catch, through my glasses, a small fore-and-aft rigged craft about half a mile ahead and to leeward of us. It took but a glance to show me that she was rolling helplessly in the trough, her sails blown out of the bolt ropes, her foremast snapped off ten feet above her decks, and big seas coming aboard her momentarily."

"We altered our course and ran down toward her. By this time the wind had dropped materially until it

was hardly more than a stiff breeze, but the sea still ran mountain high. Keeping the schooner under the glass, I presently picked up a man clinging to her main shrouds, standing on the ratlines, and just beneath her crossrees. Then I sent for Captain Schrader. He came on deck, and looked at the wreck of the schooner, for such the helpless craft proved to be.

"Shall I try to lower a boat, sir?" I asked him.

"He glanced apprehensively at the sea."

"Humph!" he grunted, "you can't do it in this wash. There's only one man on her anyhow, and if he isn't dead, he ought to be. Keep her up, Mr. Blake."

"Then as quickly he changed his mind. A queer look came into his face, half of cunning, half, I thought, of curiosity."

"Hold on," he cried. "I wonder what that schooner is. Some of these little island traders carry good cargoes."

"Hardly a chance to save that hulk, sir," I laughed, thinking I had caught the drift of his meaning.

"He looked at me quickly, the trace of a grin on his mouth. Then, ignoring my remark, he said: 'Guess we'll lower a boat, Mr. Blake. Stand by!'"

"We got a boat overboard, and as I pushed off, the captain hailed me from the rail. 'Look over the schooner and see what's in her; then get that man off!' he called."

"We came alongside the wreck, and the man in the rigging crawled down and we hauled him aboard. Then, mindful of Schrader's instructions, I watched my chance, and, dodging a sea, slipped down the after hatch of the schooner. In three minutes I had gone over her, and found nothing but a dead native who washed about stiffly in the water that was already mounting over the cabin flooring. Then I hurried on deck, tumbled into the boat, and we pulled back to the *North Star*."

"There is no use dwelling on the details of what happened during the next few days. The man whom we had rescued, though I confess I had not noticed it as we got him off, was a mulatto—a great, hulking, brown-skinned islander. I have said Ahlgren, the mate, was a

big man, beside this seen such fifty inch shoulder, great brow neck that buy in the the ugliest the tropics he was!

"He'd ging of th without fo was nearl grateful, that we'd he was a

"Afterw that it wa tude that pened. M I'll leave At the ti greed, and way, he to was about that he ha it or whe longed to never knev dead, and clusions, v the same any rate, t the nigger before, an latitude a sunken shi surmise a are right. treasure s always tu directions and nobo them. I aboard th have passe of us sav perhaps A was alwa chances on the way he he listened

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"Well, chance, an half, and only prop made to S have had it then after told you t

big man. Yet he was a pigmy beside this native. I have never seen such a physique. A chest, fifty inches from shoulder to shoulder, arms that hung like great brown bags of muscle, a neck that no collar you could buy in the States would fit, and the ugliest face, I dare say, in the tropics. Lord, what a brute he was!

"He'd been lashed in the rigging of the schooner three days, without food or water, and he was nearly dead. And he was grateful, as you might expect, that we'd picked him up, even if he was a nigger."

"Afterward I came to think that it was this feeling of gratitude that led up to what happened. Maybe I was wrong. I'll leave that for you to judge. At the time I thought it was greed, and perhaps it was. Anyway, he told us his story, and it was about as follows: It seemed that he had a chart. How he got it or where, save that it once belonged to a Spanish trader, I never knew. But the trader was dead, and I drew my own conclusions, which, I suppose, were the same as yours will be. At any rate, the chart had come into the nigger's possession ten years before, and on it was pricked the latitude and longitude of a sunken ship. Of course, you will surmise a treasure ship, and you are right. It was an old story, treasure ships. Somebody was always turning up with sailing directions to sunken galleons, and nobody was ever finding them. I dare say most of us aboard the *North Star* would have passed up the story—most of us save old Schrader, and perhaps Ahlgren. But Schrader was always willing to take chances on anything. That was the way he made things pay. So he listened to the nigger's yarn."

"He'd been master and owner of the wretched derelict from which we snatched him just in time; had fitted her out himself, and with three other blacks had started on his treasure hunt. But the hurricane had beaten him just as he'd anchored over the wreck. That wasn't the brutal part of his story. It was the other part that sickened me with the thought of it, and that made Ahlgren grin and Schrader remark: 'These niggers stay with a thing till the very end, don't they?'"

"Now, you remember I said the big mulatto had got the charts ten years before we found him snarled up in the grip of the Atlantic. Well, he'd been those ten years buying that vessel of his. That won't mean much to you, Monson, because you don't know the ropes down here. But to that nigger—well, it meant ten years of perdition at least, if not worse. You see, he had only the chart to begin with, and the chart wouldn't help him any, unless he could get a craft to take him to his treasure ship. And to get a craft he had to work for it. Working for it meant sweating fifteen hours a day in the black holes of traders, loading and unloading, day in, day out, year in, year out. Sweating, I say, and doing the devil's own work, in the devil's anteroom, as far as the heat was concerned. But it meant more than that. It meant saving—saving in a way we don't understand. Going hungry for ten years, if you will, and letting your woman and your kids go hungry. This nigger did that, but it wasn't enough. After three years of it, he murdered the woman because there was another kid coming (he already had two), and by slipping a knife into her he saved two mouths to feed, and mouths meant money. The fourth year he got rid of one of the two remaining kids, and the other ran away, so after that he had a better chance. Sometimes he ate, once every two days, and sometimes twice a week, and—well, the tenth year he bought the schooner, fitted her up somehow, and with three natives (he'd hired them with promises) set out. When the hurricane struck, two of his crew had gone overboard and one had died below. But he had stuck, to find himself just where he started ten years before. Do you wonder then that the nigger thought the treasure in his rotting galleon belonged to him, and to him alone?"

"Well, when we picked him up, he saw his last chance, and he took it. Fish the gold aboard, give him half, and he would show us where it lay. It was the only proposition left for him, and it was the one he made to Schrader. I suppose he would have liked to have had it all—I would. But another ten years! And then after it was all over, I really thought— But I told you that before."



The mate crouched, aiming carefully

"Old Schrader fell for the plan. We touched at the islands for a couple of divers, and started—just where nobody but the nigger and Schrader knew. The third day we hove to off a series of small islands. These islands formed a long narrow bay, two miles in length, a mile wide, shaped like parenthesis marks, the inward end closed by a reef, a channel hardly three hundred yards in width opening out to sea at the other. Through this entrance the nigger worked the *North Star*, and ran her to the farther end of the bay. He'd been there before with his schooner, and knew the passage, you remember. There on the inside shelf of the reef the charts marked the sunken ship, and there we found her, in some five fathoms, on clean, hard bottom. Probably she had run ashore in a gale, jumped the reef, and foundered on the inside of the natural harbor, with the water spouting through her planking where the coral had torn great holes."

"As you can imagine, there was a good deal of excitement on board the bark, and this increased when our divers reported the forward decks of the sunken craft rotted away and her hold easy of access. It was six days of hard work before we began to see results. Then they were startling. The old hulk below us did hold treasure. Chest after chest of it—gold, gems, silks, spoiled, of course, by the water—everything that no sane man would believe could be found. But it was there, nevertheless."

"WE HAD the old wreck about cleaned out on the fourteenth day, I think, when Ahlgren came aft."

"We've been stowing this stuff all together in the fore'd hold, Mr. Blake," he said, "and that yellow-skinned nigger has started a row. He says he wants half the chests stowed separate. I guess maybe he still thinks half the junk belongs to him."

"Well, it does, doesn't it? That was the agreement! Better speak to the captain," I told him, and together we walked over to the rail where Schrader was standing.

"I've told you about Schrader. He laughed when Ahlgren repeated the conversation to him."

"Tell the nigger the chests'll be safer all together, Mr. Ahlgren," he said, "and," he added with a chuckle, "so will he, when he's where he can't get his hands on them."

"I stared at him, dumfounded, as the meaning in his remark came home to me. Of course, it was all very plain. He had got the treasure aboard, and he now had no idea of living up to his agreement with the mulatto. I guess old Schrader read the astonishment in my face, for he said crisply: 'These island niggers are a bad lot,

Mr. Blake. You'll learn that when you've seen as much of 'em as I have. See that everything is shipshape fore'd. We're going to get out of here in the morning. The glass's been falling steadily all day."

"He turned his back and peered to the southward at a bank of hazy, uncertain clouds that were climbing along the horizon, and without a word I went forward."

"Suddenly I stopped short. I never knew quite what it was that made me. Something in the tone of the voice, perhaps—maybe that forewarning that occasionally comes to men. The second mate was speaking in low tones in the lee of the starboard whaleboat, and instinctively I cocked my ears to catch his words."

"I could not see him, for he stood behind the boat and on the outside of the davits, nor could I see the man to whom he was talking, though presently I recognized the voice as that of Olson, the boatswain, another Swede whom I did not like, with a crooked nose and a pock-marked face."

"I did not catch the words of Ahlgren, but I heard the boatswain's answer, and the next instant I was looking hastily for a place of concealment. The davits were turned inboard, and the top of the deck house was but a few feet from the gunwale of the whaleboat. If I could but get into her, I thought—and the next instant I had mounted the top of the house, and slipped quietly into the boat. Then, moving silently, I crept across her flooring, and, raising my head slightly above her outward gunwale, found myself within a few feet of the men who were standing below."

"Of the twenty men fore'd we can count on thirteen," was what I heard Olson say. There was a moment's silence, and then

I heard the second mate answer:

"That leaves but nine, including Schrader and that fool of a mate of his, that we've got to reckon with."

"I tell you it's easy," emphasized the other voice, which I knew to be the boatswain's. "We can take them by surprise when the captain's below. Sverdrop will slide the companion hatch and fasten it; a pistol under the nose of this fellow Blake will take all the sand out of him, and the rest of the crew won't fight, and if they do—" Olson chuckled.

"We'll attend to that," Ahlgren finished for him. "There are only those three Englishmen I don't like—Rogers, Turner, and Tyson. They may make trouble." "The boatswain snorted. "That's their lookout," he answered.

"Are our men armed?" asked the mate.

"Everyone of them's been sleeping on a pistol and a knife for three days. We broke into the trading cases the old man has aboard a week ago."

"All right; then it's all fixed."

"How much do you figure we'll get?" whispered the boatswain hoarsely.

"What's equal to a hundred thousand in good cold dollars apiece?" answered Ahlgren.

"The men want equal shares," said Olson.

"We'll fix that when we get it," growled the mate. "Now, you're sure there'll be no slip?"

"Nary one. We're all ready when you are. Just give the word, and— The boatswain clucked with his tongue."

"Schrader's going to get out of here at daylight. The sooner then the better," warned Ahlgren.

"All right; we better move now. Never tell when some one's pokin' around."

"Perhaps you can imagine my feelings as I huddled there in the whaleboat and heard an eighteenth-century mutiny planned in a modern trader. I watched first the boatswain and then Ahlgren slip out from the shadow of the boat and move forward. Then, cautiously, I crawled back to the deck house and slipped to the deck."

"Naturally, my first thought was of Schrader, and I started aft, but the first step brought me face to face with a dark shadow. Involuntarily an exclamation leaped to my lips, and I started back. The next instant I recovered myself, for I discerned in the shadow the huge bulk of the mulatto."

"He peered down on me through the gloom of the tropical night, which was momentarily growing more intense and humid."

(Continued on page 22)

The Laborer and his Hire

By WALT MASON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



Kill one fly, and a million attend the funeral.

V.—Where Every Prospect Pleases

THE Tired Business Man and other town dwellers often indulge in dreams of a blissful Acadian existence in the country, where every prospect pleases. There is a venerable belief that the country is a region of new-mown hay, pomegranates, and milk and honey, where every breeze is a tonic and every shower a benediction. According to the superstitious, all the healthy, rugged boys and all the rosy girls come from the farm lands, and the town dweller who has a growing family spends much time at the wailing place because his children can't have the benefit of the wholesome rural air.

The truth is that sanitary conditions in the average Western town are incomparably better than on the farm. In Kansas the health of the town people is safeguarded to such a degree that some of them complain of a ruthless tyranny. The State Board of Health is a condition, not a theory, and its secretary, Dr. S. J. Crumline, is the most original and aggressive health official in any country. It was Dr. Crumline who inaugurated the "Swat the Fly" crusade, which is now becoming national. He was laughed at when he announced his holy war against the flies. The task seemed hopeless and ridiculous. People were willing to admit that the plan of swatting the flies is more artistic and effective than the old system of cutting their heads off with a hatchet, but what was the use? Kill one fly, and a million attend the funeral.

CRUMLINE is persistent, however, and he kept up his agitation against the fly, and the newspapers of the State announced that they would stand at his right hand and keep the bridge with him, and so, when the warm weather comes, the citizen of Kansas can't get away from the inspiring slogan: "Swat the Flies!" The results are already apparent in the towns. Go down the main street of any Kansas burg on a hot day, and you will see huge flytraps on the pavement in front of nearly every business house. They catch their legions of flies every day, and although legions remain at liberty, the effect upon the fly census will be felt in time.

Municipal authorities have recognized the importance of the antily crusade, and city councils and commissions are passing the most drastic ordinances regulating the disposal of stable refuse and garbage, and Kansas alleys are now as clean as Kansas boulevards. "Old Doc Crumline," as he is familiarly termed in his ain countree, never ceases to harp upon the fact that flies are the deadly enemies of the human race, and he may live to see the last fly banished.

THE State Board of Health has its inspectors, who are as energetic and aggressive in their way as the doctor himself. Like death, they have all seasons for their own. They come into a town unheralded and make their rounds without advertising their business, and before they go there is sure to be wailing and gnashing of teeth. They came into my town on a recent morning and in the afternoon thirty-five barbers were haled to the seat of justice and fined \$25 each for using the same towels on different customers. The proprietor of a restaurant was dragged before the grand vizier and condemned because he had in his refrigerator a can of addled sauerkraut. Sundry business men were ordered to clean up or go out of business. During the past year many Kansas hotels and restaurants were closed by the board of health officials because the refrigerators were not like the beautiful snow, or for kindred reasons. In such a manner is watch and ward kept over the health of the townspeople. The time is coming when natural

death will be abolished, and it will be necessary to shoot people who threaten to live too long.

The conditions on the farm are vastly different. Granting Doc Crumline's contention that the flies are largely responsible for the spread of many dangerous diseases, the farm, being the nursery of flies, is as unwholesome as the fabled upas tree. For the sake of convenience the hog lots

and stables are nearly always located close to the house. Thousands of farmhouses, many of them pretentious, are but a few yards from the reeking cattle yard, the pestilential piggens, the piles of rotting refuse which breed flies at the rate of a million a minute. There is no suggestion of new-mown hay or daffodils about the average farmyard on a warm summer day, when the air is humming with flies and saturated with an incense that would knock down a horse that was not acclimated.

ONE of my most poignant recollections is of the hideous fragrance infesting the rural regions in the days when I was engaged in elevating the farm. It made the days an affliction and the nights an ordeal. Fearing that I might be accused of exaggeration by Tired Business Men if I attempted a description, I wrote to Dr. Crumline asking if such conditions exist to-day. The doctor replied:

Answering your question as to whether the State Board of Health has considered the sanitary conditions of farms, with special reference to the fact that stables and hogpens are usually within a few rods of the house, will say that we have been giving considerable attention to the matter of rural sanitation. I have a special address that I have given at farmers' institutes, granges, and the sort at various places over the State, in which special attention is given to the unsanitary condition of the average farm; how the outside toilet, the well, and the cow barns are located with a consideration for convenience rather than sanitation or effect upon the health of the family—oftentimes the top of the well being lower than the situation of the outside toilet, which frequently is of an open-vault type, and open to chickens, pigs, and other farm animals.

We have for a number of years called attention to the fact that there is more typhoid fever in the rural

communities of Kansas than in the cities, and that the trend of the disease seems to be from the country toward the city, contrary to the usual course of other contagious diseases. Indeed, the sanitary condition of a farm is a matter of great importance and concern to every resident of a city, for city people are, of course, dependent for the major portion of their food supplies, particularly dairy products, upon the farm.

We also have in our traveling tuberculosis exhibit a considerable number of photographs of unsanitary conditions about the farm that have been enlarged to the size of 22 by 28, and which graphically portray the intimate association of the hogsty with the kitchen where food products are prepared. Moving pictures are shown in the evening, and one that has been utilized to a great deal of advantage is entitled "How He Learned," which, in effect, is a dirty milk story, showing a beastly condition of the farm, which resulted in the serious illness of a grandchild of the farm dairyman caused by dirty, infected milk, which when brought to his attention, in the serious illness of the little innocent, so shocked his sense of moral decency as to convert him to the so-called new-fangled idea of sanitation. We also run the moving-picture film known as "The Fly Pest," which graphically illustrates the life cycle of the fly.

This is the voice of authority, and Dr. Crumline's remarks apply to conditions in other agricultural States as well as to those in Kansas.

It doesn't seem strange that the boys are anxious to forsake the aromatic farm for the scrupulously clean towns, where violators of the health laws are burned at the stake on the village green, amid the rejoicings of the populace. Neither does it seem strange that able-bodied men desiring work will search for it everywhere before going to the farm.

In time the farmers will give some attention to sanitation, and make their homes fit for human habitation, but a long campaign of education will be necessary first. It is impossible to cover a State with inspectors, or to order a farmer to discontinue business if his premises need laundrying, but when the horny-handed husbandman is convinced that it is in his own interest to swat the flies and make a general cleaning up he will fall into line and bring about a reform that should have been accomplished in the days of Tubal Cain.

VI.—Bringing in the Sheaves

IN THE days when I assisted in making the wilderness blossom as the rose, corn was king in the Middle West, and the hired hand, save for an interval of haying and other diversions, was engaged with the corn crop in one way or another practically throughout the season. Nowadays corn divides its suzerainty with wheat, and the annual wheat crop has created new conditions. Laborers are needed in battalions for the harvest, and to provide them most Western States now conduct employment agencies.

THE Kansas State Employment Agency, which is under the management of Charles Harris, is remarkably efficient and for several years has furnished the farmers with all the help they need at the crucial time.

These harvest workers embrace all sorts and conditions of men. Many are city laborers who have heard stories of big wages and easy work; some are professional men who wish to get back to nature, in accordance with the advice of their favorite magazines; and a great many are college students who need training for the football



The hired man feels most keenly how much he is like a brother to the ox—



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Our Colleges

(Continued from page 13)

either Keys or Wolf's Head. As general characteristics, the system is marked by simplicity, democracy, and earnestness.

Admitting all this, and giving full credit to the worthiness of the societies' ideals as a whole, and making tribute to their undoubted effect on the moral tone of the university, there still remain serious and far-reaching evils the moment we cease to regard them in the light of a school for character and consider them as the expression of what the university should mean.

Intellectually, the worst thing about the Yale system is the effect of the excessive and ridiculous fetish of secrecy on the imagination. The freshman who arrives unprepared is amazed to find the college in the grip of a mystic bugaboo. At every step he is confronted by sudden mysterious tomblike structures, padlocked and without visible windows, with the general atmosphere of a dungeon. He is told that the cabalistic words denoting the different societies must never be pronounced in the presence of a member. If by any unfortunate coincidence he should be passing a tomb when a society member should be coming out, he must avoid a distressing direct confrontation. Returning across the campus about midnight, he sees a solemn line emerging two by two in impenetrable silence back from the society building. Usually at first he is struck by the ridiculousness of the whole proceeding, but inevitably he yields to the all-pervading awe.

THE TYRANNY OF THE AVERAGE

THIS superstition of secrecy, curiously enough, has developed far beyond the original intentions of the founders, who laughingly surrounded themselves with picturesque formula in exactly the same spirit in which children of twelve and fourteen gleefully form secret orders.

This clinging to the childish superstition which Harvard and Princeton have outgrown is not a matter of small importance. The pity is that it does have an unshackling effect on the undergraduate. The moment a mind accepts this it falls into a mental subjection, it ceases to grow and continues in this immature bondage until after graduation. Likewise this assumption of mystery and secrecy, more than anything else, has contributed to the overemphasis of the importance of social success which flourishes here out of all proportion.

Secondly, the fierceness of the competition makes of the curriculum a secondary affair. In a large majority of cases the tension of the conflict and the multiplication of activities absorb all the energy. Classroom work is regarded as a necessary evil, a sort of vexatious obstacle imposed by the faculty, which demands a certain amount of attention in the classroom with semiannual periods of convulsive cramming. It is quite common for men engrossed in activities to pass through their junior and senior years, often without opening a book unless it be in that merciful period provided by morning chapel.

From this fierce necessity of competition has come the weakening of the individual note. Men are too much regarded as necessary wheels. The enormous carefully organized system might be endangered by men of strong and rebellious individuality. One of the most serious criticisms that can be urged here is the tyranny of the average, which neither understands nor wishes to take into account the liberty of the individual. The Yale "News" is a carefully controlled organ of student sentiment. It will discuss anything except the vital and present problems in the social organization. The chairmanship of the "News," and, therefore, its control, is the one office that is never rejected by the two dominant senior societies. Here you have in miniature the same process that goes on in the outer world—the alliance of established institutions with organs of public criticism.

RULED BY FEAR

SEVERAL years ago, after the annual "filling-in" editorial of the Yale "News" on the advantages of compulsory chapel, one of the editors of the Yale "Lit" wrote up for his department an editorial humorously suggesting that compulsory chapel should be abolished, and that the university should assemble each morning and march through the gateway of Battell, arguing that all the advantages would be conserved. The college would still rise promptly, men of religious inclinations would not be offended at the spectacle of

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A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer
Abbott Detroit	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Alco	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
American	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Apperson	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Atlas	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Com'l	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Austin	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Autocar (2 cyl)	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
" (4 cyl)	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Bentley	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Bergdoll	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Brush	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Buick (2 cyl)	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
" (4 cyl)	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Cadillac (1 cyl)	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
" (4 cyl)	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Cartier	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Com'l	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Case	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Chadwick	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Chalmers	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Chase	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Cole	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Columbia	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Columbia Knight	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Coupe Gear	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Croton-Ketton	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Daimler	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Daimler Knight	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Darracq	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
De Dion	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Delahaye	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Delaney-Bellville	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Elmore	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
E. M. F.	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Flint	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Flinders	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Ford	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Franklin	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Com'l	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Gramm	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Gramm-Logan	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Hewitt (2 cyl)	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Hewitt (4 cyl)	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Hudson	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Hupmobile	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
International	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Interstate	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Isotta	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Italy	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Jackson (2 cyl)	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
" (4 cyl)	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Kelly	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Kissel-Kar	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Com'l	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.

MODEL OF	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer
Kline Kar.	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Knos	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Krit	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Lambert	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Com'l	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Lancia	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Locomotor	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Lozier	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Mack	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Marion	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Marmont	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Matheson	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Maxwell (2 cyl)	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
" (4 cyl)	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Mercedes	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Mercedes Knight	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Mercer	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Minerva Knight	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Mitchell	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Moon	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
National	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Oakland	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Oldsmobile	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Overland	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Packard	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Panhard	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Panhard Knight	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Peoria	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Pennsylvania	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Pierce Arrow	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Com'l	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Pope Hartford	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Premier	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Rambler	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Rapid	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Regal	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Renault	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Reo	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Royal Tourist	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Selden	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Simplex	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Speedwell	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Stearns	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Stearns Knight	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Stevens Duryea	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Stoddard Dayton	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Stoddard Dayton Knight	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Thomas	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Walter	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Welch	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Welch Detroit	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
White (Gas)	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
" (Steam)	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.
Winton	A.	Arc.	A.	Arc.	A.

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The Social Usurpation of Our Colleges

(Continued from page 23)

the large majority delving into newspapers, and the man of unorthodox belief would not be compelled to a formal observance. This purely facetious bit of satire aroused at once the opposition of the rest of the board, who soundly and with a grave sense of responsibility declared that the conservative Yale "Lit" could not publish such an article.

Another phase is difficult to handle. That is, the rise in importance of the honors of the religious life as a passport to the senior societies. I freely admit that Dwight Hall has been of incalculable value in the ordering of the general moral tone of the college. Unfortunately, since it has become of social value, class deanship and occasionally the presidency of Dwight Hall itself have been sought with the same intensity (not always with the purest of motives) as have been positions on the "News" and "Lit." Not only is this occasionally true, but the fact of the strong Dwight Hall influence on the senior societies often induces men socially ambitious to appear at the Sunday night meetings with a certain ostentatious publicity. To the credit of the senior societies, when this "healing" is too flagrant, it reacts with great force. But the reciprocal relationship between the established institutions of the senior society and the religious life exemplified by Dwight Hall does present the same dangers to both, as elsewhere the evil alliance of Church and State is always seen.

That for three years this senior society system exercises a sort of break on the moral conduct of the class is undoubtedly true. What is also true is that for three years an entirely too large a proportion of men are ruled by fear—the fear of queering themselves, either transgressing the strict standards of criticism imposed or by being seen in the company of others who habitually offend. All these influences must tend to a common average. It is a democracy, but unfortunately a democracy of the commonplace that is being increasingly imposed by the narrow and forced conditions requisite for success in the society competition.

THE BATTLE FOR DEMOCRACY

THE general question of luxury is an ever-present one at Yale, as indeed it is in every college. Up to a few years ago there were signs that Yale Academic was casting aside the old moorings, but with the advent from the West of the present dean, great progress has been made back to the simplicity that has been the distinguishing feature of Yale democracy. Before the coming of Dean Jones, sophomores of wealth had been accustomed to take rooms in the Hutchinson, a private dormitory of luxurious pretensions, and there was grave danger that a system similar to the Harvard Gold Coast might develop. By the exercise of tact and personal persuasion, Dean Jones first induced the leading men of the sophomore class to take entries in the college dormitories, and then made it obligatory. As a result, Hutchinson was obliged to withdraw from the student trade. At present a large proportion of the freshman class are in college dormitories, and within a short time residence in the college buildings will be obligatory to the whole university. In a general way, the dormitories are allotted to the separate classes—a very wise method—which enormously assists the natural association of the class.

Ten years ago men of great wealth coming to New Haven came on the standard of the average; the keeping of horses was absolutely tabooed by public sentiment. There was little distinction in either the eating clubs or the dormitories selected. As a consequence the man of wealth was able to associate with the men of character in his class who would not have associated with him on any basis of accepting favors that could not be returned. With the coming of the automobile in the American universities and the rise of luxury, it seemed for a time that this peculiarly Yale standard would disappear. The moment automobiles appeared, the man of wealth had increased his standard of living, and the man who accepted his favors was in a position regarding him as a patron. Here again the personal influence of Dean Jones, abetted undoubtedly by the best representatives of the senior societies, has gradually eliminated this factor, and while the condition in Yale Sheffield is very bad in this respect, in Academic there is every promise that the evil will disappear. Here is a matter that could well be intrusted

to the Senior Council, an organization elected by the class to cooperate with the faculty in the responsible conduct of the university. The matter is too vital to be left simply to individual impulse. A pronouncement by several successive Senior Councils against the keeping of an automobile until May of senior year would guarantee the continuance of that uniform standard of living which has been Yale's most democratic distinction.

SOCIAL STANDARDS AND COSTS

THE social life of the university has enormously developed. There exists to-day in New Haven freshman dances controlled by personal invitation, and Wednesday dances for upper classmen. They are still lacking in serious importance, but it is a development to be regarded with suspicion. The Yale Junior Prom now extends from Saturday to the following Wednesday. The expense involved to one participating in all its festivities is between \$150 and \$200, a sum that is out of proportion to the average purse. This is largely due to the indefensible practice that has continued from its inception, of the student paying all the expenses of his guest and her chaperone from the moment they reach New Haven. The amazing thing about this is that parents still permit their daughters to incur such a serious obligation.

Another phase of the social development is the Saturday exodus of students to New York City, which can be reached in two hours. A few years ago this strange development had reached alarming proportions. It still remains unchecked in Sheffield, and has only been partially arrested on the Academic side. The reason is often a natural one: men who do not make the limited membership of the senior societies or the large junior fraternities feel a sense of loss when the most important of their class retire to their Sunday meetings on this night, and prefer to turn elsewhere for the relaxation at the end of the week. There is probably only one way to effectually check this exodus, disrupting to the college life, and that would be for the senior societies to change their Saturday meetings to some other night and cooperate in making Saturday night what it should be—the distinctive college night by a series of class rallies, such as have worked to advantage in Princeton.

It is incomprehensible that the senior societies do not recognize that the atmosphere of ridiculous secrecy is the weakness and not the strength of their organization. It is not necessary to open their buildings to the public. That is the privilege of any private club, but since they are in a great measure honestly striving for a democratic standard and not to form social sets, since they are vigorously alive to their paramount responsibility in the university, they should realize all the harm to the individual that the fear engendered by their excessive secrecy creates, and that they have an opportunity to place Yale University, as an institution of grown men, on the basis of Harvard and Princeton, where such fee-fi-fo-fum exhibitions would be laughed out of existence.

Beyond all this, though, the great question at Yale is the question of scholarship. The only way to restore the inspired standard of the university, which has now succumbed to the rebellious utilitarian standard of the undergraduate, is to insist that the purpose of anyone who enters Yale shall be primarily to acquire an education and to practically enforce this standard. To-day, with a passing mark of two on a scale of four, Yale insists that those who enter athletics or other important branches of college activity shall maintain a general average of 225, but no restriction has been placed upon the social competition. The one effectual remedy that can restore the standard of education is to impose a passing mark of 250 as a standard of eligibility to junior and senior societies, with a penalty of suspension from the society if subsequently that standard should not be kept up.

SOME SIGNS OF PROGRESS

TO render justice to the undergraduate, progress has already been made in this direction. The junior societies have now agreed, at the suggestion of the dean, not to confer an election on anyone whose class standing is so in question that he is in danger of being dropped. Individually, the Yale senior societies recognize schol-



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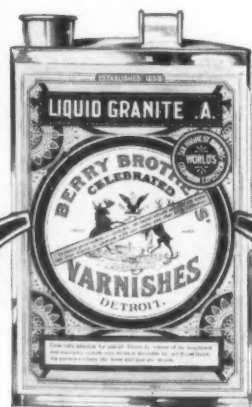
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Our Colleges

(Concluded from page 24)

arship as it is recognized nowhere else. While at Harvard the membership of Porcellian and A. D. has scarcely any symptom of Phi Beta Kappa, at Yale the average representation is from two to four, while in Keys it runs from one to three.

If this is true of individuals, it is not true of the whole. If the Yale senior system is to be permitted to continue as the chief end of college life, it should be made a worthy and intellectually representative end.

WHY NOT A STANDARD OF BRAINS?

CURIOUSLY enough, in its centralized organization, the senior society system affords to Yale University the same ready instrument for the spread of an idea that the concentrated Roman Empire did for the spread of Christianity. A voluntary pronouncement on the part of the senior societies that they would require a scholastic average of 250 as a requisite for membership would restore instantly the standard of brains that would place the college above the standards of the gladiatorial arena or a juvenile school for character. The only practical way of finding amelioration in the present systems is not through revolution but by evolution. At Yale such changes as are needed could readily arrive in short space in such manner from the senior societies themselves.

What is most encouraging is the real desire for democracy among the undergraduates and the increasing open-mindedness of the alumni of these powerful societies, who are increasingly alive to the necessity of eliminating the element of fear as a producer of character; doing away with unimportant absurdities, of safeguarding the development of the individual imagination, and finally, and most important of all, of readjusting conditions in such a way that the final result of four years at Yale shall be an education.

Gleams

By EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

More inimical to progress than the man who has too much is he who has enough and yet wants more.

All attempts to solve some of our most burning problems must remain futile until we are thoroughly convinced that poverty does not constitute a crime.

Health and certainty of life's necessities are the cornerstones without which the structure of human happiness must collapse sooner or later.

Nobody proposes to save a drowning man by teaching him to swim; yet many think they can save the starved and overworked toilers by education alone.

What is commonly called Socialism implies merely a combination for the material perfection of life, the end of which is to enable men to differ freely and honestly as to its spiritual perfection.

Stripped of idiosyncratic frills, Socialism might also be defined as a hypothetical interpretation of certain vital phenomena, in the light of which men seek the future way of the race.

Thinking of the future, we take for granted that all things change and grow except one—the human mind.

We are slowly but steadily moving toward a state which shall know of no hindmost one to be taken by the devil.

As competition has taken the place of conflict, so it may in its turn be superseded by emulation.

There is no private business: all organized collection, production, and distribution of material or commodities must be regarded as a public concern and may become a public function.

Now as ever the battle stands between the blind many and the too much seeing few.

To the hopelessly poor everything becomes a luxury—especially principles.

Man, freed from bondage to other men, has become the slave of property.



For All Who Walk Fast and Far

—also for those who want good style
and the new, smart summer colors

"Holeproof" is the busy people's hosiery. Those who walk hard all day, who cover many miles, or who stand a long time shifting from foot to foot, find just what they need in these wonderful hose.

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We pay for the yarn the top market price—an average of 70c a pound. We could buy yarn for 30c. But ours is Egyptian and Sea Island cotton. More than a million people are wearing these hose today. Hose made with a lesser yarn never will equal the genuine "Holeproof."

Be sure you are getting the genuine—look for the trademark and this signature—*Carl Fischl*.

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealer's names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

ers' names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

We Spend \$55,000

We spend \$55,000 a year just to inspect Holeproof Hose, merely to see that each pair we turn out is perfection. But "Holeproof" cost, to make, four times what some hose cost, so we cannot afford to replace many pairs. We replace without question every pair that *does* wear out, so in our own interest, we see that few do.

95 per cent of our output has always outlasted the guarantee.

We have had 39 years of experience. We are the third generation of a family of hosiery makers. We have made Holeproof Hose for the past 13 years. They are the original guaranteed hose, the hose guaranteed because they are worth it.

The fact that we are making these hose for the millions is the sole reason why we can sell them at the price of the common kinds.

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pairs of men's, \$3 for the three pairs of women's.

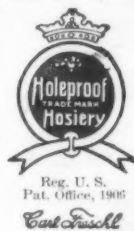
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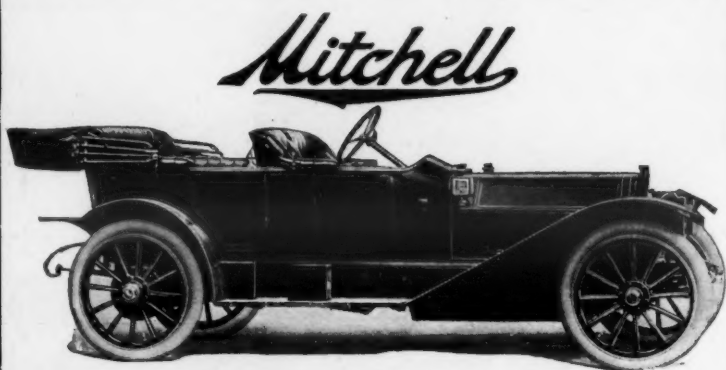
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The Hospital Brotherhood of Panama

By KENNETH CLYDE ADAMS

WHILE we are hearing and talking so much about the Panama Canal, let me tell you of a unique organization the formation of which the canal made necessary and the existence of which depends upon the same agency that created it. The organization is a fraternal body, and the only one I know of wherein the bond of brotherhood is wholly genuine and the camaraderie of the membership truly democratic. The order makes no distinction between religions, castes, or colors. Its members are drawn from the peoples of the world. Some are black, some yellow, some white. The races and the creeds of a universe are represented on its rolls. Its members are in every part of the world, and yet the organization has but one temple, one common meeting place. There no man is superior to his fellow member. There such democracy as you, my readers, know not of exists and makes man real kin to man; makes men brothers to each other. There is true brotherhood.

I refer to the Hospital Brotherhood of Panama. I am a member of the Hospital Brotherhood, and I shall tell you what I know of it.

HOME OF THE BROTHERHOOD

WHERE the hills of Ancon begin to slope gently to the Caribbean, the Brotherhood has its home. Its portals may be reached by a winding, palm-shaded road that climbs gradually to the summit, where one may turn and look down upon a grand panorama of hills and palms and the sparkling blue bay of Panama. The headquarters of the Brotherhood is the Ancon Hospital, which is as old as the first French company that essayed to dig the Panama Canal. The buildings which compose the order's home are stretched along a terraced hillside in a broken line that is almost two miles long. If you were to enter through the arched gate where a grove of royal palms offers a delightful outlook upon the beautiful waters of the bay, and were to walk to the end of the road which meanders through the grounds, you would come suddenly to a graveyard. Then, if you stood in the garden of roses there and listened, the mourning palms would tell you—if they thought you understood them—tragic stories of the lives of brothers who had lived and loved and died at the home.

The Brotherhood existed quite a while before it was dignified by a name and organization. It now is an institution that numbers its members by thousands, yet you might have lived out your lives and not heard of it. No man becomes a member of his own accord. Only the ill and maimed are eligible for membership. Each day active members are graduated into the alumnus and neophytes are admitted. The alumni total many thousands, and their homes and graves are scattered over the world. Between Colon and Panama there are ten thousand graves of members, and there are legions more in every land where are buried men who were of the Brotherhood—stellar alumni now.

There is one common monument to the memory of the dead brothers, a monument that will last for all time—the Panama Canal. The living members are building, or have helped to build it; the dead have done their share.

MEMBERS ARE TRUE BROTHERS

WITHIN the limits of the hospital reservation the members wear the Brotherhood uniform, gray cotton pajamas, and yellow leather slippers. Of the essence of the Hospital Brotherhood is that one must become as a child, obeying the by-laws of the fraternity as laid down by the white-aproned nurses and white-uniformed doctors. To rise at sunup, pro-

vided you are able, and to go to bed soon after dark, to eat and drink what is given one, to do what one is told to do, and to fill in the idle hours as best suits one—such is an outline of a Hospital Brother's day. And so it is that among the members there is a spirit of democracy that is never-ending. The members are true brothers. Much that is sweet is said and done in the home, and, though no member would stay there any longer than is required, none leaves it without regret, for one leaves behind many friends and many brothers who never will go out through the big gate near the royal palms and down the winding road to the ships in the bay—and home.

I went to the home fever stricken. It was during the days of my convalescence that I learned I was a member of the Brotherhood and came to know something about it.

It's queer how the love you cherish for the Brotherhood grows upon you. Often you wonder where Brothers you knew are, and sometimes, when you are wandering over the world, you meet one in a strange land. Maybe he speaks a language that is foreign to you, but by a common bond of brotherhood, such, I believe, as Christ would have all men embrace, makes your greetings understandable. I don't know just why there should be such deep sympathy between members of the Brotherhood unless it is that when you first met as Hospitalers you were far from home and friends, and drawn together by that feeling which arises between men who suffer in common, who are sick and in pain.

Then, too, when one comes to know what heroism fellow man is capable of, one forgets that one is aught but a brother of all mankind and the only true fraternal spirit that is in one—love of his fellow kind—is aroused to perpetuity.

THE STORY OF ALVAREZ

INTO one of the Spanish wards of the home, while I was there, was brought one day a limp mass of something covered with tattered cloth. Angel Alvarez had been at his work in Culebra Cut late in the afternoon preparing to set off a surface blast of dynamite. Men were working all around him until he should notify them that the blast was ready. From a bank fifty feet above him a huge rock started to slide down into the pit where he was laboring. Alvarez knew what would happen if that rock struck the two open boxes of explosives in the pit. Instead of running to safety, he grabbed up the boxes of dynamite and cast them out of the excavation, at the same time shouting a warning to the other workers. He was not quick enough. A lone stick of dynamite which had fallen from one of the boxes was exploded. When they picked Alvarez up it seemed as though he could not possibly live. He was hurried to the Brotherhood home, the hospital at Ancon. Out of the senseless mass that was brought to them the physicians made a very fair man, and Alvarez lived and later loved and was beloved of the Brotherhood. I was told he had saved the lives of twenty men.

Before I left Panama a window in the hospital chapel at Ancon was unveiled and dedicated to the memory of the canal employees—Hospital Brothers all—who died of yellow fever during the early days of American occupation. Why men who died of yellow fever should be memorialized rather than those who were killed by dynamite or a railroad train or a rock slide or in other ways while at work was not quite patent to some of the brothers, but somehow they knew that it was well. Some day, mayhap, similar recognition will be given to the others. If not, the canal remains and will stand everlastingly to their memory.



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As to uniformity, you can see the difficulty of mixing heavy mercury with light glass so that all the primers taken from the batch are uniform. Our primers are uniform because we do not have to contend with gravity, which pulls heavy material to the bottom and leaves light material on top.

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IF Mr. Taft will read the current number of COLIER'S WEEKLY he will find name after name among his Southern delegates and supporters of men who have been indicted and have even served terms of imprisonment.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

COLIER'S talks too much.

—Clinton (Ill.) Journal.

COLIER'S WEEKLY, the Great I Am It of American journalism, which poses as the only newspaper that ever told or tells the truth, lies about as glibly as any prevaricator who ever uttered a falsehood in its accounts of the McCracken County and the First District Republican Conventions.—Paducah (Ky.) Sun.

COLIER'S WEEKLY, one of Colonel Roosevelt's most ardent champions, which seems to speak by the card, makes the suggestion that in case he is not nominated at Chicago he should run, having as his running mate a progressive Democrat. . . . The suggestion of COLIER'S WEEKLY seems not only possible but probable.—Lexington (Ky.) Herald.

One may safely hazard a guess that the esteemed COLIER'S would not view the Colonel's nomination with any particular alarm.

—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

P. D. Barker, delegate-at-large from Alabama to the Republican National Convention, declared assertions of abuse of patronage by the President in Alabama, made in COLIER'S WEEKLY, were willful misstatements and distortion of facts. If we remember correctly, this same COLIER'S WEEKLY had some funny stories about New Hampshire last winter, which contained more fiction than truth.

—Dover (N. H.) Democrat.

COLIER'S editors know public men; they give honor where honor is due and criticize unsparingly the unfaithful public servant.—Cheyenne (Wyo.) Leader.

COLIER'S WEEKLY denounces one mountebank, William Randolph Hearst, in one paragraph, only to praise another, Theodore Roosevelt, in the next.

—Lexington (Mo.) Intelligencer.

Mr. Taft's memory has failed him completely or he is trusting that the people will not remember what he said in a signed article in COLIER'S in the week of March 4, 1909.

—Fall River (Mass.) Herald.

Now is the time for "alarums and excursions" in the staging of the Republican Presidential drama.

The latest is the theory, built upon an owl's remark by COLIER'S WEEKLY, that Colonel Roosevelt will "bolt."

—Chicago (Ill.) Evening Post.

We by no means agree with COLIER'S that Roosevelt will be nominated or that he would be difficult to defeat with his dishonest record that is being exposed so authoritatively and thoroughly by Taft and others in his own party, but COLIER'S is right in naming Wilson as the only Democrat among those it names who can appeal to the independent voters of the country who it is necessary for the Democratic candidate to win over to secure the election.—Macon (Ga.) News.

COLIER'S is doing a public service in exposing the use of the Federal machine in the South.—Louisville (Ky.) Herald.

Muckraking publications have done much good, as they have also caused untold suffering and humiliation. If COLIER'S is forced to pay substantially for overstepping the bounds of propriety and fair play, the muckraking industry may be brought to a more reasonable and reasoning basis.

—Atlantic City (N. J.) Union.

The editor of COLIER'S expresses the well-founded belief of the intelligent Progressives of the country in both parties.

—Philadelphia (Pa.) North American.



PRINCE BISMARCK

Germany's "Iron Chancellor" who was devoted to pipe smoking. His favorite pipe was very large, the bowl resting upon the floor. One filling would last a long time.

You will smoke a pipe because you like it—not because it's economical!

Captains of war, industry, letters—hundreds of them—smoke a pipe because it gives them *real* tobacco enjoyment, and solace. Mark Twain, Bismarck, Tom Johnson, Oom Paul Kruger, Admiral Evans, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Emerson—all great smokers—preferred a pipe to all other ways of using tobacco.

PRINCE ALBERT the national joy smoke

makes it possible for *you* to enjoy a pipe because it won't bite *your* tongue, or anybody else's. Can't! The sting is removed by the patented process by which P. A. is manufactured.

You wake up to what a jimmy pipe jammed brimful of Prince Albert will do for *you*! If the great leaders of business, war and literature find the pipe satisfying, consoling and delightful, aren't you game enough to give it a try out? Men, you go to it—P. A. and your old jimmy pipe. It's a great combination that's good for what ails your spirits!

Prince Albert is sold everywhere—in the tidy 10c red tins and 5c cloth bags and in handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

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Why do makers of Scraping Razors try to show how it can be used with the Diagonal Stroke when everyone knows that it is impossible?



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Do you? If not, ask your Barber.

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Let the Master Cutters mail you their Guide to Shaving Comfort.

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Adopt the only practical and hygienic way of holding your trousers up.

Suspenders are uncomfortable—uneasily—they drag—they make men stoop—they make them round shouldered—they tear off buttons. Belts are stiff—binding—unhealthful.

WEAR Stanford "HIP-FIT"

The "invisible" trousers supporter entirely eliminates suspenders and belts—gives perfect comfort—perfect neatness—perfect bodily freedom at all times, under all circumstances. Can't slip. Can't bind. Can't work out of adjustment. Takes all weight and pressure off the shoulders. Has elastic over hips and back—yields to every movement—pressure gentle and evenly distributed; acts as an abdominal support. Sanitary—cool—serviceable. Thousands in use, all giving perfect satisfaction—no boy or man will wear suspenders or belts after wearing a "Hip-Fit." If your tailor or dealer cannot supply you, send waist measure taken snugly above hips under trousers, accompanied by money order for \$1, and we will promptly fill your order.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded
For men with large protruding abdomen requiring more than ordinary support, we make a combination trouser and stomach supporter. Price \$1.50.
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Plain, 25c. Fancy, 35c.

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Helping New Industrial Enterprises

The Secret of Success in Raising Funds for Their Promotion

By CHALMERS LOWELL PANCOAST

THE sum of \$9,500,000 a year is spent in town and city development work in America. The largest part of this money is directed toward assisting worthy industrial enterprises to secure new locations and to begin operations. Where does all this money come from? Who pays for getting new factories and keeping some of the old ones on their feet?

The whole secret of success in raising funds for the promotion and development of industrial enterprises in a town depends entirely on the public spirit, energy, and staying qualities of the men of the town.

As an example of what public spirit with lots of push behind it will do, the story of Williamsport is of national interest. At a meeting a few years ago the business men determined to bring more factories to the town. In less than one hour \$145,000 of bonds were subscribed, which resulted in securing the location in Williamsport of an immense factory, employing hundreds of men, and a money maker for the town.

At another time Williamsport had a chance to secure a large steel plant. It was necessary to raise \$150,000 at once. Several of the banks held a conference, and in a few minutes announced they would take care of the entire bond issue.

This is the way one town has raised funds. Other successful towns have employed methods of a different character. Newark, Ohio, offers free factory sites, cheap fuel, water, and power. However, Williamsport holds the record for towns of its size for doing big things in big ways. Ten years ago the citizens of this town realized that Williamsport was facing the greatest crisis in its history. They immediately reorganized the Board of Trade, placed it on a substantial basis, hired a paid secretary, and began their great campaign to build up Williamsport.

ONE METHOD

FEELING the need of controlling manufacturing sites connected with its three railroad systems, the board interested ten of its public-spirited members in the purchase of a favorably located 130-acre tract of land.

These citizens bought the property, placed the disposal of it in the hands of the board, enabling it to offer the land, whole or in part, at actual cost, the ten citizens realizing in the property's sale the return of their money only without one dollar profit.

To-day the Williamsport Board of Trade has a Guaranty Fund, which it uses in lending assistance and expansion to the new industries, and to loan to deserving manufacturers. This fund is a subscription of credit, not cash. The banks of Williamsport were first interested after the plan was completed, and agreed to furnish money to the extent of the subscription on the indorsement of the attorneys-in-fact, who represented the subscribers to the fund.

The members of the board in 1900 subscribed \$215,000 to the Guaranty Fund for the use of the Board; in 1905 they renewed their contract, and to-day this board has a Guaranty Fund of \$461,000. When the initial amount agreed upon was subscribed, the subscribers held a meeting and elected three of their number attorneys-in-fact, who, by the terms of the agreement, were given the power to indorse for the board during the life of the contract. The attorneys-in-fact are authorized to indorse for the whole or any part of the \$461,000, but their total indorsements at any one time must not exceed the total amount of the subscription.

Only such industries whose application for a loan has been approved by the Executive Committee of the board can be indorsed by the attorneys-in-fact. Yet in any case where the attorneys consider it unwise they may decline to make the loan approved by the Executive Committee of the Board. Thus there is a check on both bodies, and they must work together in all cases where loans are to be made to any industrial enterprise.

An industry asking for a loan files its application first with the Executive Committee, which investigates the proposition



Name of collar shown
CASSON

"Chief" Bender

winning pitcher for the Philadelphia Americans in two World's Series, writes:

Gentlemen: I like the style and ease of your collars. They're all right and I'm pleased to say a good word for the Linocord buttonholes.

Very respectfully yours,
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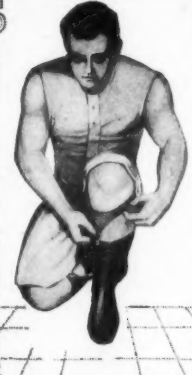
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The Secret of Good Dressing for Men - A Tailor's Skill and "Shackamaxon" Guaranteed Fabrics

"Ask a Merchant Tailor"

New Enterprises

(Continued from page 28)

thoroughly, and, if satisfied, the application is referred to the attorneys with the recommendation that the loan be made and the money is furnished by one of the local banks. If the industry securing the loan meets its obligations as agreed upon, the subscribers to the fund have no knowledge of any transaction. But if the industry fails to meet its obligations, the subscribers must pay to the bank whatever deficit exists.

However, no subscriber is liable for more than his proportionate share, and if after the loan has been made any subscriber to the fund becomes financially embarrassed to the extent of his being unable to pay his proportion of this loss, the bank is liable for his proportion. A \$1,000 subscriber to the fund is, therefore, never liable for more than one four hundred and sixty-first part of a loss. If, by reason of death or failure of a subscriber or subscribers, the total \$461,000 is reduced to a less amount, the committee has the privilege of securing any new subscribers to the contract to keep the fund up to the original amount.

THE ENTERPRISE OF EASTON

THE Guaranty Fund plan has worked with wonderful success in Williamsport, and that every citizen is satisfied with the results achieved is evidenced very conclusively by the fact that after five years' experience with a fund of \$215,000, the members of the board subscribed \$461,000 for use during the next five years.

The enterprise of Easton, Pennsylvania, is another interesting story. Easton, by adopting and using intelligently a credit-guarantee plan has secured many factories and given much help to those already established in the town. Easton, with a population of 35,000, started out to raise \$500,000, and it came so easily that \$600,000 was subscribed. This money is not paid in; it is pledged so that when called for it will be levied pro rata among the signers. Easton has had the scheme in use for two years and has secured seven new industries, but has not drawn one cent for the fund.

Easton's method is this: Merchants and men of means sign a note in which each states the amount he is willing to contribute toward getting new industries. This joint note is then taken to a committee of bankers of the city, who determine the exact standing of each person signing and the amount that such person is good for. The total of these sums represent the line of credit which is extended to a committee of the Board of Trade, which has power of attorney for all the pledgers.

When an industry wishes to locate in the city and needs money, this committee looks over the situation, passes on its merits and, if desirable, confers with the bankers. As an evidence of the care that has been used in Easton, one hundred applicants have been refused.

If the committee decides that the industry is worthy and desirable, the property is purchased and a building erected if necessary; bonds are issued on first mortgage security of this property, and the committee guarantees these bonds, which thus become gilt-edge, are easily marketed, and are accepted by the banks as security.

WORK IN EARNEST

IF a concern thus aided should be forced into bankruptcy, the amount the committee would be forced to pay would be small. If a company bonded at \$80,000 is foreclosed and sold at \$50,000, this amount is first applied on the bonds, and the signers of the general note would be required to pay only such proportion of \$30,000 as their share of the total of \$600,000 would be.

A variation of the scheme which has been used in other towns is to permit the committee to buy outright certain bonds if it is thought best, and thus a certain amount of profit might accrue.

Easton advertises: "We have nothing to give away; we have resources to use, capital to loan, facilities to work with."

The cities that have been successful in raising money to promote industrial enterprises have discovered that the only way to get money is to go after it in earnest. The usual plan of procedure is to get a large audience of business men together at a mass meeting. Very frequently, in the smaller towns, a brass band parades the streets with "Booster Banners," urging the people to attend the

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THE COLT'S RIGHT ARM



The Colt Positive Lock

Absolutely prevents accidental discharge because a bar of solid steel stands between the face of hammer and frame so that the firing pin cannot touch the cartridge until the trigger is purposely pulled to fire a shot.

It Works Automatically—Requires No Thought!

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CANNOT BE PREMATURELY DISCHARGED by being dropped, by the hammer slipping when partly cocked, or by being struck a blow.

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Catalog 14, describing all COLT models mailed free on request.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
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"Bank on" B. V. D.

And Draw Comfort-Interest All Summer.

DON'T overheat and overweight your body with tight-fitting, full-length undergarments. Wear cool *Loose Fitting* B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts, Knee Length Drawers or Union Suits. They are made of light, durable woven materials, soft to the skin. Quality of fabrics, true-to-size fit, careful workmanship and long wear are assured and insured by

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This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries.)

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 the garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. April 30th, 1907.) \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$5.00 the suit.

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By specifying Hammermill Bond for scores of uses of paper in office or factory you get better results at a fraction of your present cost.

It is equal in appearance to the most expensive bond papers. Its surface gives a clean-cut clearness to typewriter type, and that stand-out distinction to your printing and engraving you so much admire.

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Send for handsome free samples of Hammermill Bond. Compare it with the paper you are using. Then compare the prices. Then surprise yourself with the yearly saving you can effect in your business by using Hammermill Bond for any of the

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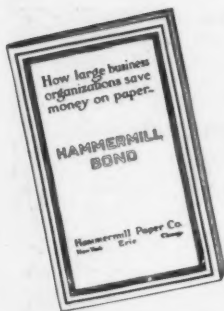
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Crisp, delicious, wholesome—the ideal food for hot weather. Made from whole wheat, they contain the maximum of nourishment in most compact form.

Packed in tins, they're always fresh—so convenient for the outing, week-end trip, or vacation.

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Other varieties that will surely please you are the **Toasterette**, a perfect salad cracker—the **Fruited**, a sweetmeat of wholesome nourishment—the **Water Cracker**, delicious with cheese and coffee—and the **Almonette**, a unique biscuit for dainty luncheons and teas.

At any rate, get a tin of **Educator Wafers** from your grocer today. Look for the name **EDUCATOR**. Try them for dinner tonight—**buttered**. You'll be delighted.

If your grocer cannot supply you, send ten cents for large trial assorted box of above varieties.

(Six varieties of **EDUCATOR CRACKERS** may now be had in ten cent sealed packages.)

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD CO.
25 Battery Street, Boston, Mass.



Helping New Industrial Enterprises

(Concluded from page 20)

mass meeting. Plans of this character usually result in packed halls. Then, with good speakers as leaders, great enthusiasm is aroused and the public movement will be started off with a momentum that will insure immediate success.

HANDLING MEN

THE public meeting has been found the best plan to handle the kind of a man who in the quiet of his office will give only a dollar or two, and most times nothing, but when under the pressure of public feeling, as may be developed at a mass meeting, the "tightwad" will invariably make a grand-stand play. He will allow no one to pass him in exhibiting generosity.

In carrying out a municipal campaign, the next step in raising funds after the power of the public meeting has been exerted on the citizens is to appoint a committee, organized in groups to work the town. Each committee has its own chairman. It has two blank forms printed, one being in the form of a promissory note, whereby the subscriber agrees to pay a certain sum of money at certain stipulated times for special purposes; for instance, financing several new factories. The subscriber signs this promissory note and then the committee men sign it.

The other blank form is simply a report to the effect that the committee has seen Mr. Williams or Smith (or whatever his name may be), who refuses to subscribe to the industrial fund, and then his reasons for not subscribing are written on the blank, or he may be out or has asked the committee to call again.

The reason for this blank report is apparent, because by this method the men in charge of the promotion movement get a complete report on every business man in the town. Many business men do not hesitate to refuse a committee of two or three men, but when they find out their refusal is going to be written down and reported to a central committee of fifty of the prominent men of their city, they will think twice before allowing themselves to go on record as men not interested in the upbuilding of their town.

GRADUATED SUBSCRIPTIONS

BUT the greater value of these reports of refusals or postponement furnish an accurate system of keeping in touch with the work and not allowing any citizen to be left out or overlooked.

In the work of securing subscriptions for the factory fund, it is not considered

good policy to levy the same amount on every man alike. The benefits that will be derived from new factories in a city will result in greater amounts to some citizens and enterprises than to others. It is only fair and just that those who secure the greatest results and more immediate profits should pay more than those who get only an indirect and distant profit. It has always been considered that the owners of property receive the most direct benefits, because the business houses, manufacturers, and professions will develop competition as a town grows. But, on the other hand, it is as long as it is short, the greater the growth the more business for all.

In the majority of industrial-fund campaigns the subscriptions of the citizens are graduated as taxes are. The success of every movement of this kind has been brought about by public opinion. The pressure of public opinion is always needed to wake up the indifferent and make them realize they owe the town something.

Wide publicity is invariably given in local papers to the public-spirited men who do give. Their names are printed with the amounts they give as often as possible. They are made to feel the hearty approval of the people of their town. When the press is liberal in giving space to the results of a public movement, it is invariably attended with greater success.

THE VALUE OF OPTIMISM

RAISING money for public-welfare work is a delicate matter and must be conducted on a basis of optimism—the entire campaign must be permeated by the greatest amount of good humor. In the profitably conducted campaigns not a word is published against those narrow-minded citizens who do not respond, who do not believe in more factories, in the growth of their town. Simply by naming the prominent men who are subscribing to the fund and giving their reasons for wanting to see the town forge ahead, will soon make the nonbeliever see the error of his ways. By being left severely alone he soon enters the campaign and becomes an earnest, loyal booster. Perpetual good humor on the part of the town boosters will raise great funds with which wonderful results may be accomplished. However, considering the various plans that have been used to raise funds, the Guaranty Fund plan as employed by Williamsport is considered by town-promotion experts to be the most practical and substantial.

Lucia di Rock Creek

(Continued from page 19)

"Right soon after this they show the place where they are all celebrating Lucy's wedding—same as we done here on the Grey Bull, everybody lightin' up for fair. Little Arthur, he thinks he's the whole picture show. Well, they're all singin' the best they can when in comes Lucy, an' she's plumb batty. She explains that, bein' plumb sore on her new husband, Arthur, she has gathered up a butcher knife an' lit into him an' done him up. At first they don't believe it, but Lucy she throws down the carver right there an' says she: 'I done it. I'm strong fer Edgar,' says she. 'As fer Arthur, you'll find him in the parlor, or somewhere around, all ready to be laid out.'

"Everybody can see now that Lucy is plumb locoed. This was the place where Lucy an' the flute run a race. They was neck an' neck together all the way up an' then all the way down, hippety hoppety, hippety hippety, ah-hip, ah-hop, a-hop a-ha, a-hee-er, ah-hah!—you know how it goes. It beat anything I ever heard.

"It seems like Lucy, being loco, still thinks she's goin' to marry Edgar just the same, an' not little Arthur with the yellow curls and lace panties. At last they taken her off to the bughouse, an' I shore was sorry for her.

"Now here's where we come right close again to Lucy Hays an' Sandy Hamilton—Sir Algernon. The last act of the show is in the graveyard, not far from the place where Lucy de Lammemoor was brought up. Here's a fine white tombstone with a white picket fence around it, an' a moon comin' up—same as it does sometimes over Franks Peak there, as you know, soft an' easy. An' here's little Edgar come back from France. He's learned

that Lucy's in the bughouse, and even her killin' Arthur don't square it fer him. He sings about the lonesome song you ever heard, leans up against the fence, an' finishes hisself off with what they call in the book a 'poneyard,' him havin' pawned his gun at Whiteman's, I reckon, fer car fare back from France. There not bein' nothin' else much to do after that, everybody went home."

Curly sat looking off across the valley for some time, so thoughtful that the cigarette paper in his hand hung idle.

"Well, you see how it was," said he after a time. "I dunno's the op'ry is just exactly like this Rock Creek Lucy story, but as old man Wright says when he sees a doctored brand, it has some points o' resemblance."

"The other man in the Wyoming op'ry was Bert Williams, Sandy Hamilton's friend an' once his partner. It would 'a' suited us better if Sandy had gathered his gun an' gone after Williams. But he didn't. When he seen how things was runnin'—an' it wasn't hard to see after the first two years he was married—he went back to the States an' got his life insured for ten thousand dollars—allowin', I suppose, that everything was fair in dealin' with a life insurance company."

"Bert Williams hung around the Z bar a good deal, but Sandy didn't make any kind o' break. Here's where I allowed these two Lucy stories was different. It was Lucy de Lammemoor that had her heart broke in Scotland, but here in Wyoming it was Sandy Hamilton that had his broke. We figgered it out often, up an' down the creek, an' we allowed that Sandy had been lonesome fer maybe fifteen or twenty years, an' he wanted to love some-

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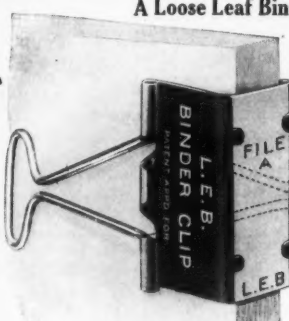


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Lucia di Rock Creek

(Concluded from page 30)

thing; an' bein' kind o' set in his ways, he loved this here Lucy Hays once he had begun, an' loved her so hard he wanted her to be happy any way she doped it out. It was him that got loco, an' not the girl. It don't make much difference the way things come out. Most men prefer a bone yard to a bughouse.

"You can see the cottonwoods o' the ranch down below there, beyond the picket fence, can't you—just the roof of one of the log houses? Well, a lot of us fellers was in that house one afternoon, playin' a few cards. Hamilton, he came in an' sat down at the side o' the table an' looked on. He was cold sober but pleasant, an' he ast a few questions o' the fellers that was playin'. Some one asts if he don't want to take a hand, an' he says he don't mind, so he sets in after a while, buyin' a few chips like everybody else.

"I was in that game, an' I saw Sandy all the time, an' I'm sayin' to you now, Sir Algernon, that you can't tell what's in a man's heart by lookin' at his face. Sandy played a few hands, with mixed luck, an' after a while they dealt him a hand—an' it had several hearts in it, as we seen later. All at once he sets up a little straighter an' tosses the cards down on the table. 'Pshaw, boys,' says he, 'I haven't any luck at all.' Just at the same minnit he reaches around an' pulls his forty-five. Everybody ducks under the table. But he didn't have it in for anybody but hisself. He made a clean shot through his head, an' he fell dead, right across the table where we was all a-settin'. Which ended his troubles—so far as we know.

"If we hadn't liked Sandy Hamilton a good deal, I don't suppose we'd 'a' bothered to put a picket fence around him an' paint it every spring for several years er so. But none of us understood Sandy, I reckon. None of us knows to this day who he was back in the Old Country, er why he come over here to Wyoming. But no man livin' ever heard him kick—not on the weather, er the grub, er the whisky, er the pay, or even on the deal he got from Lucy. We all knowed he wasn't afraid o' Bert Williams. Maybe it hurt him more, Bert bein' his partner and friend. Not bein' just able to figger out how God A'mighty runs the world anyhow, why, Sandy he done what in his way of figgerin' came the clos'test to bein' right all around.

"Result was Bert Williams married Lucy after a while an' they went back to Kansas, an' they're livin' there in a little town where I reckon there don't anybody know anything about the Grey Bull. So long as Sandy was done with the whole works, as maybe he figgered it, he might just as well stay out here on the Grey Bull as anywhere else in the world. So we picked him out that nice little knoll there, where you can see up an' down the valley, where the sunshine's clean, and where the wind can come free either way, up the Grey Bull or down Rock Creek, an' we put a picket fence around him because o' the plain and simple way he looked at things. Now, whether he was loco, or Lucy was loco, or Bert Williams was loco, you got your guess like the rest of us. Anyhow that's the explanation of the picket fence. I don't never exactly like to talk about it somehow.

"How comes the fence to be white?" Curly's face grew, if anything, a trifle redder under the tan. "In that last scene in the op'ry, where Edgar comes in, I noticed the fence was white an' that the moon come up behind it. Owin' to old man Wright's business engagements, I'm the only one of the boys in the valley that ever seen grand op'ry. It was me that thought the fence ought to be white. I've seen the moon come up behind it many a time.

"I've often wondered who Sandy Hamilton was, an' whether, if it hadn't been for this Lucy girl, he'd ever gone back to any sort o' ancestral halls in Scotland, er England, er anywhere. Meetin' Lucy, he didn't. It all goes to prove that you can't always tell what a girl named Lucy—or one that ain't named Lucy—will do in Scotland or in Wyoming or anywhere else. Or a man either, fer that matter.

"Come on," said Curly, "we've got enough o' these little fellers fer to-day. There's a trail back of us over the divide here where we won't have to ride by Sandy goin' home. Let him alone. I reckon it suits him all right."



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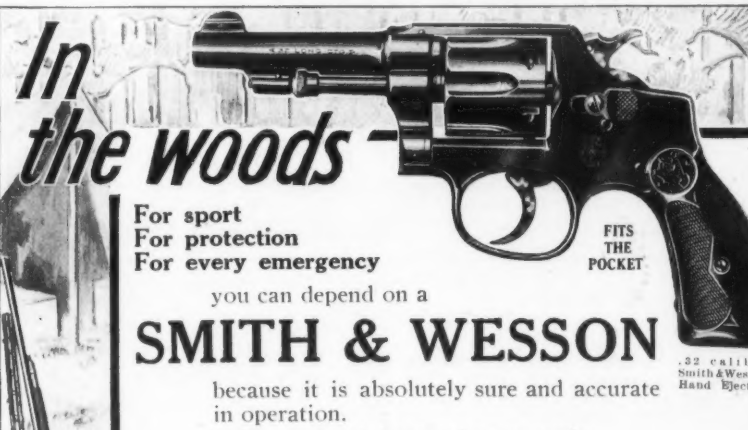
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James H. Hare will take the photographs.

The Finer Emotions

(Continued from page 21)

"Half," he muttered hoarsely, "half!"
"What!" I began, then stopped as I recalled Ahlgren's report about the chests.
"The huge black bulk bent lower over me."

"The mate," he said in imperfect English, "tell me I not get my half—I not get any."

"My God, man," I muttered absently, "we may not any of us get anything."

"Without replying, the shadow straightened up and shuffled silently forward. Hesitating, I peered after it into the thickening gloom. The air was intensely hot. There was not a breath of wind. The sharp hiss of a shark's fin cutting the glassy water fifty yards away was plainly audible. The silence was so thick you could almost grasp it, and as I have said, the night was growing blacker every second, for there was no moon nor stars. Suddenly from forward I heard Ahlgren's voice sing out:

"Give you half? Why, you black —, you're lucky to be alive. Give you half? I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll give you a whole mauling with a belaying pin if you don't trice your gab." And the mate laughed brutally.

"I could not hear the reply of the mulatto, but a moment later Ahlgren's laugh again rang out boisterous and hoarse. I shuddered at the sound of it. Mutiny, murder, and yet the brute could shake with mirth. Then my blood boiled at the cruelty of the man's meaning. Old Schrader might have coolly robbed his brother, let alone a big island nigger, but even in the latter case he would have done it decently.

"The next instant the captain's voice called me aft. Naturally my first impulse was to tell him of what I had heard. It was my duty, and I grasped for the words. But before I could speak he cut in sharply.

"The glass is sagging off alarmingly," he said, and there was anxiety in his tone. "I've been watching it for the past half hour. We're in for a blow, and a bad one, and we can't ride it out in here. If our ground tackle does not hold, we'll drag down on the reef in a jiffy. We must get out where there's sea room, and do it quick. Do you think we can get her through?"

"I did not, for there was not a breath of air, but without waiting for me to reply, old Schrader made up his mind.

"Pipe all hands; we'll get over the boats and tow her through the passage," he cried.

"I STARTED forward to execute the order, but I got no farther than the waist. A gentle puff of air, deadly hot and dry, struck me in the face, and was gone. I turned sharply toward the quarter-deck where I had left the captain; but he did not wait for my question. He had felt that first dry, hectic, furnace blast, and he had made his choice of the only two courses that remained open. With an agility that belied his age, he was scrambling forward, barking short, swift commands, and the crew was piling on deck from the fo'castle. With the rising air to help us, there was a chance that we might get through the passage before the typhoon broke. There was a chance that we might not. This was the greater chance. And Schrader, in that way he had, was taking it.

"The clank of the capstan sounded dull and heavy in the thickness of the night. Aloft the crew was breaking out sail. I ran aft for the wheel, but the captain was before me. As I reached his side another puff of air, burning with the withering heat of the tropics, riffled along the decks, and then we payed off clear of our anchorage to the quickening gusts.

"We were just too late. With the whine of a fog siren the typhoon burst upon us. Blocks banged to leeward, the shortened sails cracked like thunder, the wind roared through the upper rigging, and the *North Star* went down on her beam ends, everything awash. How long she stayed there I cannot tell. It seemed minutes. Then she righted, staggered ahead, every timber quivering, only to go down again before the force of the wind.

"I stood aft at the wheel with old Schrader, clinging to the spokes with all my strength, while solid sheets of water, torn from the sea to windward and hurled through the air with the speed of express trains, knocked the breath out of us every instant. As the wind struck, the

night, already black as ink, became doubly black. I could barely see the spread of sail on the slanting mainmast. Overside the white shreds of foam leaped like slatters of paste across a blackboard.

"The captain was trying to make 'me hear. A foot from my face I could see his mouth working, but the wind tore the words from his lips. I thought he was asking about the passage that led through the reef-locked harbor—the narrow gut that opened out to sea. Then the danger of our position rushed upon me. In the moment's excitement I'd almost forgotten that narrow lead. My heart sank. There was hardly one chance in a million of hitting it in the hurricane. A man who knew it by heart might have got through in such a gale, but we who had towed in with the boats—never!

"SCHRADER met the stare in my eyes. I never had the chance to ask him, but I knew his thoughts were the same as mine at that moment. The certainty of destruction held us rooted. And in that instant there occurred that which I least expected—which, in the stress of the last twenty minutes I had completely forgotten. Why Ahlgren chose that critical moment I can only guess. How he hoped to get through the passage has always been a mystery to me.

"The first warning of it we at the wheel received was the crack of a pistol that the wind snatched faintly aft to us. Then out of the howling darkness forward there retreated upon us Tyson, Turner, and Rogers, the three Englishmen of the crew, and four Portuguese. A step behind them, tumbling over the reeling deck, rushed the mutineers with pistols and knives, Ahlgren at their head.

"What happened then happened quickly. I drew my revolver. My duty lay with the ship.

"To the left a spurt of flame leaped from the black lunge of the gale, and I saw one of the Portuguese go down in a writhing heap. I fired at the flash. For an instant, rising above a momentary lull in the wind, I heard old Schrader shouting futile commands from his station at the wheel. Then another terrific puff hit us. The *North Star* rolled heavily to port, and I found myself face to face with Ahlgren, sliding and tumbling across the decks into the lee bulwarks. We fired almost together, and missed. The next second we were rolling over and over in two feet of water that boiled in through the scuppers.

"The rest was a confused nightmare of desperately struggling men locked in death grapples under the bulwarks. It has never been very clear to me even to this time. But somehow I got clear of Ahlgren, slipped away from a dirk in the hands of a big Scandinavian, went down under Turner and the boatswain, saw the Englishman work furiously for a moment with a dripping clasp knife, then stagger to his feet and plunge again into the fray. Then I kicked Olson's body free of my legs just as, all aquiver, the bark righted as suddenly as she had careened. The instant she came to an even keel I was on my feet. Instinctively I looked for Schrader. He was gone. A sea had taken him overboard as the ship heeled to the knockdown a moment before. The wheel was deserted. Her weather helm had brought the bark up into the wind.

"With a cry I jumped for the wheel, but before I could reach it a huge form leaped from the darkness, grasped the spokes, and rolled the helm over. To the set of her filling headsails the vessel payed off on the other tack like a shot, and the ghostly nightmare of struggling men slipped across decks again, this time into the starboard bulwarks.

"I CLUNG to the combing of the aft hatch and saved myself from rolling with the others to leeward. Then all thought of the fight left me. In its place there rushed into my mind with overwhelming force the greater danger. Schrader was gone. There was scarcely one chance in a million that, still alive, he might have found the passage through the reef, but still there was that one chance. Now, on the other tack, with Heaven knew who at the helm, there was none. I flashed a glance toward the wheel—flashed it just in time to see the mate crawling toward me up the sharp slant of the deck. Then I screamed with alarm.

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The Finer Emotions

(Concluded from page 32)

"No, it was not fear of the mate nor of the revolver that he carried in his right hand. It was something else. I guess Ahlgren saw it at the same moment. I say I guess so because he suddenly dropped the pistol hand which he was raising to cover me, and together we rushed for the wheel—rushed for it and froze in our tracks.

"IN the faint disk of light from the binacle which shot weirdly up into the roaring darkness we could see his face—the face of the mulatto. And he was grinning at us—grinning the most horrible grin I have ever seen. His legs were spread wide apart against the heave of the vessel, his body balancing easily upon them, his giant hands holding steady the spokes that three men could not have handled in that gale.

"I say we froze with horror for the fraction of a second. Then we leaped toward him. With a sweep of an arm he flung us back. Above the tumult of the wind and sea he hurled the power of his tremendous voice upon us. 'You laugh,' the words tore through the thrust of the wind. 'Now it is my time to laugh!'

"Instantly the situation flashed before me, and I confess it turned my blood to ice. The yellow monster who held our destiny in the spokes of the wheel held in them also his revenge on the man who had goaded him. The mulatto knew the passage. But that was not part of his plan. Schrader and the mate had robbed him, and now Schrader was gone; but he could repay the other. In a moment all would be over; the brig would go to pieces on the reef like a cockleshell, and then—

"With a hoarse cry I flung myself on him again. I might as well have tried to dislodge Gibraltar. He brushed me back. In desperation I turned on Ahlgren. What I saw sent a faint dash of hope through me. The mate crouched, his arm extended, aiming carefully. There was a flash, a click, that save for the gale would have been a pistol report, and the next instant the bark was all shaking in the wind, and I staggered to the wheel."

BLAKE paused abruptly, tossed his cigar over the veranda rail, and looked wistfully down the long shoulder of the beach to the wharves where the sails of the schooners hung motionless and painfully white against the fierce heat of the sky. There was a long moment of silence, which Monson broke.

"Did Ahlgren get him?" he asked. "Yes," Blake answered carelessly, "but he was just too late. The nigger had taken us safe through the passage."

The newest clerk, too recently out from the colonies to have lost his sentimentalism, chewed his lip thoughtfully.

"Say," he asked presently, "did this nigger die?"

Blake shook his head. "Oh, no," he said. "I threw that tobacco to him a few minutes ago. You see, he never quite got over the bullet under his ear. He owns a half interest in this station, only he does not quite understand. I'm keeping it for him, in case he does some day."

"What will you have, gentlemen?" Monson asked quietly.



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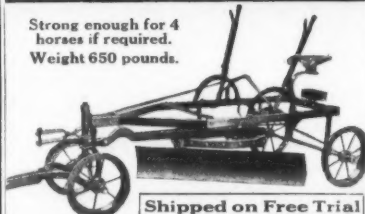
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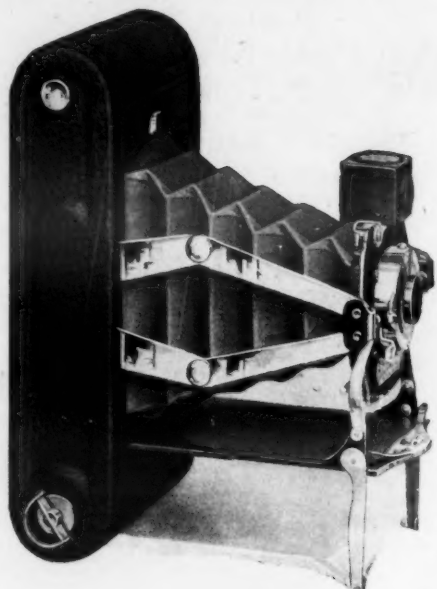
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The Laborer and His Hire

(Concluded from page 22)



At night he has his chores to do

season. Charles Harris says the college boys are the best of the lot. The harvest in any one locality is soon ended, but the harvesters may have a long season of employment if they wish. Many begin with the harvest in Oklahoma, and follow it northward through Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, and even into Canada, and come back in the fall laden with gold and silver and precious stones.

The wages of the harvest hands are from \$2.50 to \$4 a day, with board and lodging and free access to the moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well. This wage looks large to men accustomed to drawing \$1.25 a day, but anybody who has toiled in a harvest field will agree that the salaries can't be too high. It is worth \$10 a day to sit on the fence with a green umbrella and watch the other fellows working. A harvest field on a summer day is a holocaust in yellow.

It is during the harvest season that the regularly anointed hired man feels most keenly how much he is like a brother to the ox. The imported laborers earn as much in a day as he earns in two or three, and they have no chores to do. They work ten hours a day and are done; if extra work is necessary, they are paid for it. But the hired man toils with them throughout the burning day, and at night has his chores to do, as he had before they left their couches in the morning.

Being desirous to wind up this series of reminiscences with some real information touching the present condition of the farm laborer, in the matter of salary, I appealed to F. D. Coburn, secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, and received the following reply:

THE ordinary Kansas farm laborer is paid \$20 to \$25 per month, on the basis of quite continuous employment, and has his board (three square meals a day), lodging, and laundering besides. The imported fellows from the Eastern colleges, pool parlors, and free-lunch bazaars, who come in summer to aid in garnering the golden grain, get \$2.50 to \$4 per day, besides their keep, including about five meals between each rising of the sun and the going down thereof.

No, there is no legal method of restraining a farm hand from working twenty hours a day if he and his boss think that about the proper period for him to be separated from his sleeping porch and downy couch, yet I never heard of one losing his life from overexertion.

You may remember that Joe Hooker looked upon the men of the critter regiments as sure to be absent when the heavy fighting was on, and this prompted him to offer a standing reward of \$100 for the sight of a dead cavalryman. No farm hand, whatever his hours, works himself to death. I have been one, and in my own person am a thoroughly competent witness for the defense.

The farm laborer, in Kansas at least, is like other men, what he chooses to make of himself. If he is content to be a clodhopper, or a "man with a hoe," that is probably about as far as he will get; if he has in him determination, industry, and

thrift, it is easily possible for him to be an employer instead of the employee. It depends on the individual and not on the locality or his environment.

IT will be observed that Mr. Coburn's sympathies are with the employer rather than with the employee. His intimation that no farm hand ever works himself to death suggests that most of the laborers are indolent, which does them an injustice. No man can maintain a fiery enthusiasm for his task if too much is expected of him. If you begin your day's labor at five o'clock in the morning, and continue it uninterruptedly until the curfew tolls the knell of parting day, you won't feel much like dancing and singing or organizing a society of optimists.

In these modern times, when the farmers ride in automobiles and wear purple and fine linen, the laborer in the vineyard should share in the general prosperity. A dollar a day and board is a meager reward for the hardest kind of continuous work.

The farms must be made more attractive, or the problem of help will continue to disturb the rural nation, and the boys will continue to leave home to become stenographers or spellbinders. It is a curious fact that the average farmer improves everything about his place before he improves his home. He is more solicitous about the comfort of his cows and horses than about his own or that of his family. He is strictly up to date in the purchase of farm machinery and equipment; if he invests in a new cultivator, he wants all the modern improvements, including wind shield and tabulating and back-spacing devices; he has gasoline engines to run his grindstone and corn sheller; he has brass-mounted harness for his horses; his barns are constructed with an eye to convenience and comfort; and in his house the women are laboring with old-fashioned churns, and they have to pump water from a well five miles deep, and break their backs lifting a trapdoor when they would go to a cellar. I spent a night in a farmhouse in recent times. The parlor was gorgeous, with a beautiful piano and a phonograph and other luxuries. But when I repaired to my chamber, I confronted an old-fashioned bed with a straw tick about three yards high. My early training as a circus acrobat enabled me to climb aboard without injury, but in the night several of the slats fell out with a great commotion. After much travail I got them back in again, and reached out for some more slumber, but they soon fell out again with a deafening uproar. There had been a change of the weather which had warped all the beds in the house, and slats were coming down everywhere, so it sounded like a Fourth of July celebration. Slat answered unto slat all night, and in the morning everybody was grouchy and viewing with alarm.

The incident illustrates the indifference of even prosperous farmers to the ordinary comforts of life. And while such indifference prevails, how can young men be expected to regard farm life with enthusiasm, either as scions of the house or employees?

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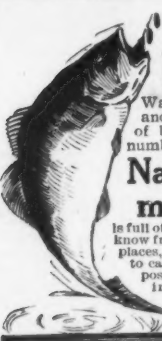
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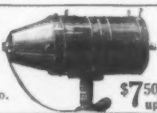
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